EDNAM AND ITS INDWELLERS

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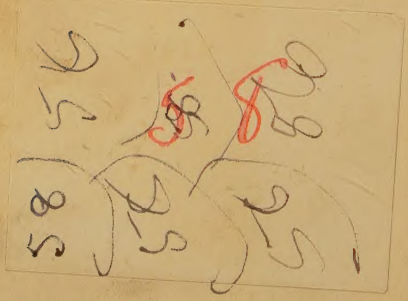

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EDNAM AND ITS INDWELLERS

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BY

JOHN BURLEIGH

Minister of Ednam

GLASGOW AND DALBEATTIE:
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TO

MY WIFE

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PREFACE.

THE following chapters were written most of them to be read as Winter Evening Lectures in the village school; and, at one time or another, they have been made to serve their night to an audience more or less appreciative. For many years now they have been lying, all peacefully enough, in their locked-up drawer, or—as Scottish people say —"in the barrel!" They lay exciting neither pity nor laughter. And yet there was one whom they touched with the feeling of regret—one alone —who now has put them into the printers' hands.

The oldest of them is already a relic of the olden time. The others with their curled edges will soon be ancient documents too. But they are not so very old! Not by count of years are they old but by the swiftness with which the changes have come — and already many of the quaint sayings here chronicled have passed out of use and memory.

As the facts have been gathered wherever they were to be found, thanks are due to many. Chief among these is Col. Aytoun with whom lies the lore of all the Edmondstounes. Then there are The People, the good People none the less because sometimes amusing. They are best of company, and, at every "saying" in the book, almost at every story there rises some well-remembered face and figure of the good old days. They are not named; but those of them still here to read these pages will remember!

This is their memorial, these Indwellers, and to the Writer, at least, they seem nearer now that they are in the printed book.

CHAPTER I.

In the Days of King Edgar.

AT ITS first appearance in history the parish of Ednam is named Ednaham, and its fields are described as a waste. This descriptive word came not from the hand of an enemy, or of a stranger. Not in malice, not in ignorance, but in sober truth, doubtless, was it set down as "a waste."

There is not a trace left in it of the old wild nature, and now is it so thoroughly broken to the will of man that it is generous, clever land from end to end. Its sunny haughs and early harvests win for it, among the neighbours, that kindliest of all characters expressed by the word "innerly," while out among the Cheviots, shepherds exposed to the wild blasts of winter speak of it as an "inbye place." On the lips of those who tend their flocks on the wind-swept heights it is the highest of all compliments, as this is the word reserved by them for the place which is a shelter and their home. The people of the parish, not less conscious of its charms but more under a feeling of the inadequacy of all words, speak of

it simply as "a pleesant place;" although on a certain occasion one of the farmers, in the course of a speech, applied to it the glowing words of Goldsmith to the Auburn of his dreams, calling it,

> Sweet Ednam, "loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
> Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid
> And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delayed."

The loyal inhabitants recognize their own Ednam in the poet's Sweet Auburn, and it will be labour in vain for any captious one to prove that the picture is overdrawn.

It is no claim to distinction to say of a parish either that it is or was a stretch of waste land. It is to be remembered, however, that this description of Ednam as a waste refers to a time as far back as that year of grace 1097. Years bring a distinction with them, and even common people are interesting who have a long pedigree. Common and unconsidered may these fields of Eden be to some people, but if there be any glamour in a long tradition it lies on them. Usually it is enough for pride to trace the family history back through, say, six generations, but here is a history that goes back through six and twenty, carrying the thought back to an older world, back to the days of King Edgar.

It was in the days of King Edgar, First and Last, that the waste lands of Ednam were given and thereupon reclaimed for the service of man and the glory of God. His name stands in a succession of kings, Fergus and Connal, Erc and Giric, Kenneth, MacKenneth and Malcolm, kings of the bens and the glens, who need no certificate to prove their Scottish birth and blood. After the roll of Gaelic music in these names, the word Edgar falls on the ear like a weak note. It has no suggestion of the peat, and the kilt, and the heather. But as little affinity has it to the names that follow in the line of Scottish kings. They are a succession of Davids, and Jameses, and Alexanders, who may be natives of any land from France to Judea. It does not go without remark that the unfamiliar Edgar should be found in such a place. But it has its own significance. The reign of this king marks an epoch in the history of Scotland, and the reader is prepared to find that with the intrusion of the Anglo-Saxon name there is the intrusion of new ideas in the government of the country.

Edgar was the fourth son of Malcolm and Margaret, King and Queen of Scotland. This is Shakespeare's Malcolm, and son of Duncan. Malcolm was the third of that name, and was best known in history as Malcolm Canmore. He

belonged to the old fighting school of kings, and was never more in his element than in working havoc over the Border, at the head of a Scots army. It is said that he was greatly subdued by his gentle yet masterful wife, that in his affection he kissed the books she handled, that he was held by the silken leash, and obeyed her with the devotion of an old mastiff; but it is also remembered that he found time and inclination to lay Northumberland waste on five separate occasions. Edgar had little in common with his warrior father, and leaned more to his mother's side and ways. This mother is a saint and queen, whose presence lights up the dark ages in which she lived. Her incoming into Scotland and Scottish history was the good gift of God, and was worth more than a century of battles.

It was in the year 1097, "soon after St Michael's Mass, on the 29th of September," that Edgar came to his kingdom and began his short career as King of Scots. He did not come to the throne as a mere matter of course. All the laws of succession, with one exception, were against him, and at least four lives stood between him and the throne. By the old Gaelic law of Tanistry the right passed, on the King's death, to the King's brother, and on the strength of this ancient custom, Donald Ban held the country for more

than three years. By the equally ancient but more general law of Primogeniture it passed to Duncan, or Ethelred, or Edmund, the three eldest of the late King's sons. But there was still another law regulating the succession to crowns and thrones which was stronger than either of these. Whenever a man appeared on the scene showing strength and competency to rule, it was agreed that the right passed to him. It was by this right that Edgar came to the throne.

Edgar's reign was one of the critical times in the nation's history, and is memorable, but not for battles. Like the time in Lyonesse when the good King Arthur reigned, the days of King Edgar cannot be more fitly described than by the words of Arthur as he is borne slowly forth on the funeral barge:—

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

The Kingdom of Scotland was passing into the hands of new masters. The ship of State commanded by the Gael through many a stormy century was henceforth to sail under a new line of captains. Under Edgar's father, who had caught the new ideas from his Saxon wife, it had been slowly veered round from its old course, and Edgar comes to the command as it swings round

in the wind and trembles for a moment before it fairly sets out on the new tack. When Malcolm Canmore died there was a moment of uncertainty as to whether it had way enough to carry it round into the new course. Donald Ban, representing all that was ancient and Celtic, claimed the kingdom, and had his claim been upheld the people would have fallen back into the old fighting unsettled ways. But the old style was doomed. The victory may be slow but it is sure, and so it was that Edgar and the new ideas triumphed.

From the day of his accession the old Celtic ways fell more and more into the background, and henceforth the kingdom was managed on Teutonic ideas. The men of the north were superseded at court by the men who lived south of the Firth of Forth, or, as it was called, Scottewattre. The seven Mormaers, king's stewards in name, but in reality kings on their own account in the seven ancient provinces of Scotland, still haunt the court for a time. They are only the ghosts of their former selves and, like the Thanes who continue to flit across the stage for a century or two longer, are amongst the shadows of the older world. It was earl and not mormaer who held power in Edgar's time, baron and not thane. But the old system died hard, and at least two centuries were to come and go ere Scotland was brought completely into

the new ways. The new system has been justified by its fruits. It found the Scottish people in tribes, and it left them in families; it found them a pastoral people wandering over wide districts, and it left them settled in parishes; it found them in a state of endless feud, and after placing each in his rank, it bound them together from proudest earls to humblest tillers of the soil in a great brotherhood.

The days of King Edgar saw the beginning of the Feudalism in Scotland, which settled men each on his spot of territory, assigned each of them to his own rank and duty, and thirled all to the king. Among its first acts, Feudalism laid its hand on Ednam, and among its first charters was that by which its untenanted fields were given to a faithful servant.

The days of Edgar saw the beginning of the Parochial System which divided the land into parishes. Among the first of the parishes was Ednam, where endowment was made for a Christian ministry, and a church was built which came to be known in the district as "The Mother Church."

The Indwellers in the days of King Edgar, what of them, and of their sons, and of their sons' sons? It was no "continuing city" Ednam, and after a few generations the families, even the best of

them, seemed worn out and ready to go. The quick change is vividly and, withal, humorously realized in the story of the beadle of a Lincolnshire parish who held office for 74 years, "during which time he is said to have buried all the inhabitants three times over, except three or four persons." Old Time, the gravedigger, has buried many families in this parish, not many times, but certainly once and forever. At the present time the Indwellers are all of them "incomers," with the exception of three or four families, and of them only two are of more than the second generation. There is, of course, the Buttercup Family, indwellers in the parish then and now, and there are the Water-Avens and the Groundsels, the Daisy Family and the Celandines, but as for the old families of humans, so deeply rooted in their time, they "are a' wede away."

CHAPTER II.

The Lairds.

THEY ARE lairds to-day who own the land of Ednam, but in the old days they were barons. When the king gave a tract of land to some trusty and well-beloved servant, the gift was called a barony, meaning that it carried with it certain rights and privileges. The fortunate man was infeft in his estate, in its woods and plains, its meadows and pastures, its moors and marshes, its heaths and petaries and turbaries, and all manner of hunting and hawking and fishing, in its mills with their multures and thirled population, its smithy and brew-house and salt-work.[1] But the baron's charter gave him all manner of rights in the people and jurisdiction over them. He had the right to settle all disputes within his domains, to sit in judgment on wrong doers, and to send the unpardonable to die on Gallows Tree. The right of "Pit and Gallows" gave to a family the full and true flavour of nobility, and "without it," Camden says, "there is nobody reckoned of much account."

[1] See "Scotch Legal Antiquities," Cosmo Innes, p. 42.

Ednam was a King's gift given with all the absoluteness of the ancient charters. The charter itself has disappeared. Doubtless it contained all the clauses, including that about the Gallows Tree, as, if the parish has not a Gallows Hill, it has still a Gallows Park.

At the end of the 11th century King Edgar gave the barony of Ednam to his well-beloved servant, Thor Longus, a Norseman, who had helped him in his battles. In a later charter Thor describes his lands. He says that he found them—*desertam*—uninhabited, and that he had lived on his property and had reclaimed it to the service of man. He remembers Edgar, and declares that the change has been accomplished—*suo auxilio*—by the King's help, and—*mea propria pecunia*—by my own private means. He is Edgar's vassal, but also Edgar's friend, who has thus been bound to allegiance by a double bond. The people stood by Thor, who had provided them a living and a home; and Thor stood by Edgar, who thus obtained a firmer grasp on his land by giving it away. It was an excellent arrangement for everybody, and not least for the King, who held his country as safe as if under lock and key.

Edgar had to ask for his crown with an army at his back, and as he obtained it in 1097, this may be taken as the date of Thor's settlement in

Ednam. When Thor's charter was written his work was done, and he was praying for the soul of his lord the King, which had passed out from the kingdoms of this world. He was also remembering the father and mother of Edgar, and praying for their souls, and for the redemption of his dead brother, his dearest Lefwin. There is nothing about children of his, either dead or alive, and so it would seem that he was a lonely man whose best friends had all gone before.

Earl David was laird of Ednam when, in 1124, he became King David I. of Scotland. In his charters he is seen disposing of tofts, crofts, and mill rights. In the earliest of them he confers on the abbot and monks of St. Mary's Church, Kelso, certain rights in the parish. "And in Edinham," says the King's charter, the monks are to have the right to "twelve chalders of malt in each year, and peats suitable for the making a fire from the moor of Edynham, from that ditch which leads down from the other moor and holds on in a straight line in that moor even to the three great stones standing on the other side." [1]

To the Prior of Coldingham David gave another gift from the Ednam estate, consisting of a toft with houses in Edinham.

In 1153 David was succeeded by his grandson

[1] Lib. de Calchou.

Malcolm, son of David's son Henry, who lies buried in Kelso Abbey. Malcolm IV., or The Maiden, refers to the parish in one of his charters. This is the charter given at Rokesburg, in which he confirms to the Kelso monks all his grandfather's gifts, and amongst them the Ednam peats and barley.

In 1165 Malcolm IV. was succeeded by William the Lion, who gives many evidences that he is in full possession. To the Kelso monks he gives various rights, defining and securing them in four charters. In one of these he grants them the right to use Ednam mill whenever their own mill at Kelso shall be stopped by floods or frost or mishap. In another he gives and confirms to them, in perpetuity, three carucates of land in the territory of Ednam "as Arkenbald, Abbot of Dunfermline, has laid them out, according to my command." The locality of these carucates is most minutely described. Two and a half of the carucates lay to the north of Ednam peatry, being bounded on the north by Newton and the river Eden; on the south by the peatry; on the west by Kelso parish; and on the east by the road leading from Ednam bridge to the hospital. The remaining half carucate lay east of the quarry and close by the road leading from Ednam mill to Sprouston ford.[1]

[1] Lib. de Calchou.

Dryburgh Abbey had also royal charters relating to Ednam. The earliest of them is the charter granted by Malcolm the Maiden, who, out of his Ednam estate, gives two merks in each year and half a carucate of land to the monks of St. Mary's, Dryburgh. William the Lion also by charter gives the Dryburgh monks another half carucate in Ednam, *in excambion*. A third charter is that of Alexander II., in which he confirms to Dryburgh all the gifts given by his ancestors, and amongst them Malcolm's merks and half carucate. This confirming charter was granted at Jeddeword on 10th June, 1230.

During the remaining years of this century there is no further reference to the rich Ednam carucates, so worthy of kings to give and abbots to receive. In these years, however, there are three men styling themselves "de Edenham" who appear momentarily on the stage. They have no charter, and have left nothing behind them but their signatures.

Earliest of the three is Walter de Edenham, whose name occurs four times in the North Durham charters given by Canon Raine. He witnesses a charter of Thomas of Melsonby, Prior of Coldingham, confirming to John of Hunsinghouse a carucate of land in Reington. This document belongs to 1233, or the year earlier. He

is also witness to a charter of William Vavs relating to the gift of two bovates of land in Golin. There is also the charter of Walter of Hedenham relating to half a carucate of land in Aldenegdue.[1]

Magister William de Edenham also appears four times in these Durham charters. These to which he is a witness have all reference to the town of Swinewood, and are alternately quit-claims and resignation of quit-claims by the Earl of Dunbar.[2]

There is also a Robert de Edenham named in these charters. He is a witness to the quit-claim given by Henry of Prendergest to Joseph, son of Elwold, for the three merks which he had given him in a time of need. But it is a Robert de Edenham who, at the end of the century, is the undoubted laird of Ednam. Robert the laird and Robert the witness were probably one and the same person, and if "de Edenham" was sufficient title for him, Walter and William, who bore the title earlier in the century, were in all likelihood also lairds. It is convenient at least to suppose that Walter, who witnesses legal deeds in 1233, and signs himself "de Edenham," is the newly-made laird; that William de Edenham is his son; and that Robert de Edenham is his grandson.

[1] Raine's N. Durham Appendix, pp. 41, 46, 100.

[2] Ibid App., pp. 27, 28, 30.

If this be allowed, then Robert was the third and last of his line. He was laird during the years of the struggle for the crown of Scotland, which, under Wallace and Bruce, developed into the great war for independence. Unfortunately for himself he was not one of those

> Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots wham Bruce has often led.

But he could not help himself. His barony stood in the forefront of the English danger. Within three miles of him, on the east, were Birgham and Wark, and on the west, Roxburgh Castle, where Edward had set up his court and displayed the power and glory of his kingdom. With every laird in Roxburghshire, he took the oath of fealty to Edward I. in August, 1296, resigning himself, as Burns puts it, to "chains and slavery."

In 1314, at latest, Robert discovered that he had given his fealty to the wrong side. In that year Bruce and Bannockburn paid off all the old scores standing against the English king and his Scottish supporters. It was a time of sad reckoning for the lairds. The estates of all who had sworn allegiance to Edward were forfeited to the Crown, and everything of England and English sympathies was rooted out of the Scottish soil.

In the Bannockburn year King Robert gave the forfeited Ednam to his only daughter, Marjorie.[1]

[1] Robertson's Index, 9.

She and her mother, Isabel, daughter of the Earl of Mar, had been sent for safety to Kildrummie Castle in Aberdeenshire, but in 1306 they fell into the hands of the enemy. When Bruce became master in his own kingdom, in 1314, an exchange of prisoners was arranged, by which wife and daughter were restored to him. And so Marjorie came home, but not to stay, for within the year she was married to Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, and in time became the mother of the Stewart line of kings. Tweedside at this point had evidently pleased the King well, as, with many counties to choose from, he settled Marjorie on the Ednam side, and his son Robert, who died in 1320, on the Sprouston side, making him Baron of Sprouston.

When Marjorie died, Ednam passed to her son Robert, who, at the age of 55, was to become King of Scots and first of the Stewart line. In his days it seemed as if the Scottish Border was again to become part of England, and to one so near the throne as Robert, land in Roxburghshire was a doubtful security. He therefore gave his Border estate away—doubtless for its equivalent in cash—to Sir Robert Erskine and his spouse Christian de Keth.[1] But this lairdship of the Erskines was of short duration. Robert became King in 1371,

[1] Chart. Aberdon, 806.

and, finding himself a match for his cousin of England, he bought Ednam back again, giving Sir Robert and his wife Christian one hundred pounds sterling out of the funds of his burgh at Aberdeen.[1]

Robert II. died in 1390, and Robert III., not inheriting his father's love for the little Border barony, gave it to his sister Isabel as a wedding gift. This princess, Isabel, had been wife of James, Earl Douglas, who had fought and died at Otterburn. But a brief widowhood sufficed her, and in 1392 she married again, choosing as her second husband John Edmondstoune. The King's charter is made out in both names, and declares the lands of Ednam, with all rights of patronage in the church and hospital of the same, to be his free gift to "Joannes Edmondstoune et Isobelle Comitisse de Douglas."

Edmondstoune came of an old family whose head-quarters were Biggar in Lanarkshire, and Newton in Midlothian. The Edmondstones of Duntreath are usually supposed to be a younger branch of the same family; but, even in their candid moments, they do not acknowledge this, stating as their last word that there is no documentary evidence whatever to connect the two families, although there is a presumption that they had a common origin.

[1] Chart. Aberdon, 809.

In the reign of David II., one of the prominent figures of the time was a certain John de Edmondstoune. He was served heir to his father's lands in 1359, and was ever after one of the busiest men in the realm. In 1352 he had been appointed coronel, or crowner, in the district of Lothian, and with other knights known as "Valeti," he later on accompanied David II. on a visit to England. In 1366 he received a passport, and went to Amiens on business of the State. In 1369 he, with others, drew out the terms of a peace which was sealed in Edinburgh Castle on July 20th. In 1372 he was sent on a mission to Rome; in 1374, on an embassy to Charles V. of France; and in 1381, on a mission to the Holy Land. It was the son of this busy diplomat who married Isabel, Comitisse de Douglas, and became first of a line of seventeen lairds whose reign in Ednam began in 1392 and ended in 1761.

The second of the line, David, began to reign in 1413, and the third, James, in 1426. The fourth laird, John, succeeded to the estate in 1458. Towards the end of his life his spouse, Janet, had a lawsuit which was decided by the Lords of Council. Under date 23rd June, 1480, the judgment was given ordaining that James of Pringle, and Elizabeth his spouse, shall restore and deliver to Janet, Lady of Edmondstoune, "a matyne book

al gude as it was taken by the said Elizabeth, or 20 Franck crownis."

The fifth laird, John, came in 1482. He, like his mother, evidently enjoyed the excitement of a lawsuit. On the 9th December, 1482, Margaret Maitland, spouse of John Edmondstoune of that Ilk, raised an action against Michael Balfour of Burley and Alexander Spens, in connection with certain wrongous and "unorderly" proceedings they had taken against her. Again, in 1483, judgment was given that John Edmondstoune and his spouse, Margaret, were lawfully entitled to certain lands in dispute. He won another verdict in 1492, when the Lords of Council decreed that George Home of Wedderburn shall pay to John Edmondstoune of that Ilk the sum of 350 merks.

There was evidently something rotten in the state of Denmark at this time, as, on 7th June, 1493, John appeared before the Lords Auditors, and was made to promise that he would not sell, wadset, or put away any of his lands, rents, or heritage from his son and apparent heir, and those gotten or to be begotten betwixt him and his spouse, Isobel Home, in time to come.

James Edmondstoune, the son, became laird in 1496, and in his time came the saddest day in the village story. It all happened on a day in the leafy month of June. In a letter written in

Carlisle Castle on 6th June, 1523, Lord Dacre calls on "the garrison and inhabitants of the country to meet at Howtell Sweyre at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, 10th June, to ride into Scotland and cast down the great tower and steeple of Ednam which is double vaulted, and the Castle of Stitchell, betwixt Lambermore and the Merse; to burn Ednam and Stitchell, the towns under Stitchell Crag, Hasington Manes, Newton, Aynthorne, and others on the road, Akles and Mersington." [1]

On the 26th June Lord Dacre writes to Cardinal Wolsey, informing him that the raid had been entirely successful. "Three more rodes would entirely destroy the Borders." [1] Ednam was burned; the Castle was taken; the Tower and the Steeple, double-vaulted, were cast down; and all the glory was departed. The day of fire and sacrilege soon passed, however, and the laird came back, but the Castle and the Tower and the Steeple —"quoth the Raven, Nevermore!"

Other raids followed. "Upon Wensday, the xxiiij (of July, 1544), Sir Bryan Laytton and Sir Harry Eury . . . . with their garrisons, satt furth sturies within the Scots, and the Scots chased them, and then they brake at the Scots and chased them two mile above Long Ednam, and toke divers of them prysoners and their naggs; and in their

[1] Letters and Papers of Henry VIII. Vol. III. Part IV. pp. 1299 and 1311.

home comyinge burnt the said Ednam, and wan a bastell house that was strongly holden and brought away, etc., Nolt, xl., Naggs, xxx., prisoners with their horses, xxxviii."[1]

Also, on "the firste of October, Robert Collingwoode of Fowrde, and certain of John Carr's company, ran a forray to Long Ednam, and there seased and brought away, etc., Nolt, iiij, sheep, iiij, horses and naggs, xxix."[2]

After a succession of three Johns and an Andrew and a John came, in 1633, Andrew Edmondstoune, the twelfth of the line. From his father he inherited the lands and barony of Ednam, and the advowson of Ednam Hospital; also, 40 merks in the lands of Bernington, Barlies, and Berryloch.

But Andrew seems quickly to have passed into deep waters, borrowing largely on his estate. In 1637 David Erskine, as heir of his father, Henry Erskine of Cardross, is certified to be entitled to a certain sum annually from Ednam; and John Short, burgess of Stirling, is certified to have inherited 1,200 merks in annual rent from the lands and barony of Ednam. David Crichton, too, is declared to be possessor of rents and rights in the barony and in the advowson of the hospital; others, also, hold mortgages.

At intervals, almost since the beginning, there

[1] Raine's "History of the Antiquities of N. Durham," p. 19.
[2] Ibid, p. 21.

are references to this mysterious building known as the Hospital. The only mystery about it is that it has vanished so completely, "leaving not a rack behind." There is, of course, the Spital Field, opposite the present race-course, which was, doubtless, the site of the ancient building; and there are the balsams growing plentifully by the roadside at this point, which botanists say have escaped from the old Hospital's garden of herbs; and there is that bit of slate with lettering on it, as if chipped from a tombstone, found in the Spital Field some years ago, marking doubtless the place of the Hospital graveyard: but beyond these, not a vestige.

The Hospital was well known in William the Lion's time, and, second in age only to the church, it was a building by which the boundary of a royal gift was fixed. In 1392 it was enumerated as one of the gifts given by Robert III. to his sister Isabel, and her husband John Edmondstoune. From time to time the advowson of Ednam Hospital is named as part of the Edmondstoune inheritance. This may mean that they had all the patronage connected with it, or simply that it was under their protection; but, in either case, it is certain that behind the word "advowson" there lay many broad acres. Among the latest references to the Hospital is the record that James Fletcher,

minister of Nenthorn, died there in 1690. As a Covenanter he had been "outed" from his parish, and found a refuge there.

According to the Valuation Roll of 1643, the value of the estate is £8,000 a year, subject to a deduction of £480 for stipend, and the value of the Hospital lands is £360. It is to be noticed, also, that only one other proprietor, David Crichton of Ednam Spittel, is named. It would thus appear that Laird Edmondstoune owned almost the whole parish. Kaimflat, long the property of the monks of Kelso Abbey, had come to him, probably in 1560, and Newtonlees, long a part of Newton, had come probably a little later. These lands, together with the lands of Bernington, Barlies, and Berryloch, lying between Ednam and Kelso, show the Edmondstoune territory at its widest.

Next came Andrew, who succeeded to the barony in 1665. He walked in the ways of his father, and sank his fields still deeper in debt, granting mortgages on his lands and barony and mills. He also sold some of his farms to his neighbour, Sir Alex. Don of Newton-Don. From the Valuation Roll it would seem that Newtonlees, Kaimflat, Harpertoun, Highridgehall, and Edenmouth, had all passed, presumably by purchase, to the laird of Newton.

The fourteenth in the succession was Andrew, who married Isabel, seventh and youngest daughter of Sir Alex. Don of Newton-Don. Half the patrimonial estate had been sold to his father-in-law, and still the half that remained, according to the retours, is not all his own.

Andrew and Isabel had five sons—Andrew, James, Patrick, and two others who died without issue, and also two daughters. Of these, Andrew succeeded his father, and had an only child, who died in infancy. Andrew was followed by James, the second son, who married, and had a family of four sons and five daughters. The eldest son, Andrew, did not marry, and died before his father; also the second son, Robert, who died in India; and the third son, John, who died in Jamaica.

The fourth son, James Edmondstoune, succeeded as seventeenth and last of his line. The village still remained to him, and the three farms of Cliftonhill, West Mains, and Houndridge — all lying in the heart of the parish. But his lairdship was of the briefest, beginning in 1760 and ending in 1761. He sold the old home where his fathers had been settled for close on four centuries, and with the purchase money bought himself the estate of Corehouse on Clydeside, near Lanark. He never married, and died at Corehouse in 1772. His property fell to his five sisters. One of them,

Isabel, who was married to Theodore, titular King of Corsica, died in 1792, leaving no children, while the others—Janet, Ann, Violet, and Patricia—all lived and died unmarried at Corehouse. The latest to go was Ann, who died in 1826, at the age of 102. By her will Corehouse went to George Cranstoun, an advocate, who lived to be Lord Corehouse, one of the Judges of the Court of Session.

The present representative of the family, and heir of all the traditions, is Colonel Andrew Aytoun, R.A. He is descended from Patrick Edmondstoune third son of the fourteenth laird. This Patrick served his country in Darien, and at the storming of the Carthagena Forts under Wentworth, ultimately rising to the rank of Colonel. He married in London in 1740, and had a daughter, Isabel, an only child. In 1766 this only daughter married William, second son of Aytoun of Inchdairnie, and became the mother of five sons and four daughters. Her eldest son was Roger Aytoun, W.S., who in due course married, and whose son William Edmondstoune Aytoun made a brilliant reputation for himself as Professor of Literature and Poet. Roger's family was this son and two daughters; but the son, who married Christopher North's daughter, died childless, and the daughters never married.

The only other son of Isabel's to take a wife was the fourth, James Edmondstoune Aytoun. He married in 1808, was a Justice of the Peace, and an antiquarian, and of his family the eldest surviving is Andrew, a Lieut.-Colonel in the Royal Artillery.

Harking back again. When Ednam was sold in 1761, the purchaser was James Dickson, merchant in London and elsewhere. As soon as the Scotsman gets his head above water, it is said that he makes for the land, and sure it is that, wherever Dickson's head may have been in earlier years, he made for the land in his later years, buying Ednam, and Broughton in Peeblesshire.

James Dickson began life in Kelso as a saddler's apprentice, but his love of mischief brought him a notice far beyond his years or rank in life. He was always playing pranks on somebody, until at last he became a plague to all goodwives who had water barrels or other property that lends itself to a lad with a mischievous turn. But the cup of his iniquities became suddenly full. In the corner of the Square stood a well—pant-well it was called—surmounted by a lamp. It was a sacred place, where Kelso man and beast had foregathered from a time immemorial. The lamp was a poor affair, and so the saddler's 'prentice, thinking that something must be done, laid hands or stones

on it till it was smashed. But the Kelso men resented the lad's act. They turned on him, and, realizing the position to be that of Dickson *contra mundum*, or, rather, the community against Dickson, he left the town, running as fast as a mischievous lad in his teens could.

Dickson made his way to London, and in time made a fortune. He was a Navy agent, which means that he bought and sold ships, and sometimes, perhaps, sailors. Those were the high old fighting times when British privateers sat on the Spanish Main and watched for Spanish treasure ships as they came slowly homeward-bound. After the chase and the fight the victor carried his prey to the nearest friendly port, and as each sailor had a share in the booty, it was turned as quickly as possible into money. Many made it a business to help the ship's company in the division of the spoil, and James Dickson was one of them. He was the sailor's agent and friend, sometimes advancing him money on his prospects, sometimes buying his interest if the liquidation seemed risky or likely to be prolonged. One of his transactions was the purchase of the Spanish ship "Havannah," which had been captured on the high seas and towed to the West Indies. The captors were unable to look after their own interests, and so they gladly exchanged their claims for some of his

ready money. This was his luckiest speculation, and left him a rich man.

There was a Border welcome for him and a full forgiveness when, as Laird Dickson, he came back to his old town of Kelso. But he was respected and honoured on all hands. He was Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons, and Member of Parliament for the County of Peebles. In 1766 he was elected Grand Master of the Kelso Lodge of Freemasons, and gave them a meeting-place, and feasted them in a record way. The Freemasons, but also the working masons, found his ideas large and profitable. A mansion-house, not in Ednam, was built for him; and then, for the first time in centuries, the laird ceased to live on his own estate. It was built in Kelso on the riverside, and while he called it Ednam House, the Kelso people, in delicate compliment, called and call it "The Havannah." That public institution in Kelso known as "The Cross Keys" was also built by him.

His energies overflowed in all directions. He drained his lands and re-built his village, covering the roofs with the red pantile, which was then as much in advance of the age as it is now behind it. He built a mill for weaving English blankets, laid out a bleachfield, and built a brewery. The most magnificent of his projects was that of making

Ednam and Kelso seaport towns by means of a canal between them and the sea at Berwick. Ednam was in ecstasies, and Kelso did everything to encourage him—except subscribe money. But the canal could not be dug for a ten pound note, and as Kelso offered little more than that sum, in addition to £200 promised by the Duke of Roxburghe, the promoter smilingly abandoned his idea.

The sportive 'prentice was all his life a lover of sport. With Sir Alex. Don he founded the society known as the Bowmen of the Border. He also started the Kelso Races, which were held first at Caverton Edge, later at Blakelaw Edge, and, since 1822, at Berry Moss. He had at least one racer, a grey horse Cheviot, which ran at the races at Caverton Edge in 1765.

Laird Dickson's own race was run in 1771. He died at Kelso at the age of 59, and was buried at Ednam. There were no sons of his own, but there were nephews, sons of his brother Archibald, who in his time had been a baker in Pontefract. The nephews were William, a captain in the Royal Navy; Archibald, and John, captain in the 68th Regiment of Foot, and on them he settled the estate by a deed of entail, which was completed only a few months before his death.

Captain William Dickson, afterwards Admiral,

inherited all his uncle's property, and began by righting his ship. The estates were deeply burdened, and the sailor, unversed in finance, adopted the plan of selling them to pay the debts. The lands of Broughton were thrown to the creditors, and still they cried for more. The Captain did not hesitate. In 1774 he applied to the Court, and obtained an Act authorising him to sell Ednam and apply the purchase money in payment of his uncle's debts. He did not sell at once, however, as the estate passed into the hands of a new laird—not until Whitsunday, 1787.

The market price of Ednam was £27,040 8s. 11d. After paying the bondholders this sum left a surplus of £7,800, which the lawyers set apart for the heirs of entail.

Although no longer "the laird," Captain Dickson was still a laird in Ednam. He and his uncle before him had been buying Outfields and Infields, and Tiend Sheaves and Riggs, and "that shott of land called Gowksknowe" as they came into the market, and these lands made a compact estate lying half-and-half in Ednam and Kelso. For this estate the Captain chose a name new to the country-side, calling it Sydenham.

Admiral Dickson was made a baronet in 1802, and dying in 1803, was succeeded by his son Sir Archibald Collingwood Dickson. Like his father

he was one of the "mariners of England," and like him rose to Admiral's rank. He enlarged the bounds of Sydenham by the purchase of the adjoining Kaimknowe, or Pylestead, as it is now called, for which he gave £3,050.

His heir was his son William, the third baronet. Sir William's first move was towards the surplus of £7,800, and, as Sydenham was held by him in fee simple, he proposed to give it to the heirs of entail in exchange for the money. In 1845, therefore, application was made in Court for this surplus, Sir William promising that if it were given him he would entail Sydenham in the same terms as Ednam had been entailed. A valuation of Sydenham was ordered, and the Court, hearing that it was worth £8,550, sanctioned the arrangement.

One of the clauses in the Ednam entail was that the heirs were "to assume, use, and bear and constantly retain the surname, arms, and designation of Dickson of Ednem." In 1864, by an arrangement amongst the heirs, Sydenham was disentailed for the purpose of getting rid of this clause. It was immediately re-entailed on the same heirs.

Sir William died on 5th January, 1868, and was succeeded by his brother Sir Colpoys Dickson, Colonel in the Hon. East India Company's Service. His was already a spent life, and in May of the same year he died.

The estate and title passed on to another brother, Archibald Collingwood Dickson, who, like his father, was a naval officer. He passed through all the ranks to the highest, and died in 1884.

Sir Archibald was succeeded by his nephew, Sir John Poynder Dickson Poynder, "a lad o' pairts," who, as a youth, won South Wiltshire for the Conservatives. He is now Governor of New Zealand, and a peer, under the title of Lord Islington.

When Captain Dickson sold Ednam in 1781, it was Arthur Cuthbert who came into possession. Beyond the fact that his home was in London, little was known of him or of his son, James Ramsay Cuthbert, who succeeded in 1792.

In 1827 a new laird appeared, who was also the first of a new line. The new man was Viscount Dudley and Ward, one of the romantic figures of the time. The story of his family usually begins with William Ward, who was jeweller to Henrietta wife of Charles I. He evidently prospered in business, as, according to Burke, Lord Suffield bestowed his daughter on him in marriage. Charles II. gave him a peerage making him Baron Ward. From this time the family steadily increased in wealth and worth, and at last the deserved promotion came in the form of a viscountcy given to the sixth Baron. The highest

point in the family history was touched in the time of John William, fourth Viscount and ninth Baron. Like his father's, his name was known for his generosity. But his highest worldly honours and satisfactions all came to him in 1827, which may be called his lucky year. In that year he was a Cabinet Minister with the high office of Foreign Secretary, he became laird of Ednam and was further exalted with the titles of Earl Dudley and Viscount Ednam.

He died in 1833 and was followed by his cousin the Rev. William Humble, who reigned for three years—not with the title of Earl or Viscount, which had lapsed, but as tenth Baron Ward.

His son William Ward succeeded to the estate in 1836 and later on got back the lapsed titles of Earl and Viscount. Once only, while a guest at Floors, did this Lord Dudley visit the village; and, as luck would have it, he came on the Fast Day and at the hour of service. He was expected, but just at noon, as the church bell began to ring, his carriage was seen coming slowly, then at walking pace, along the Kelso road. At length the bell ceased, and as the laird tarried, the assisting minister began the service with the precentor and a solitary worshipper. The minister and his wife stood at the church gate, the congregation waited in the avenue, when the worshipper came

out to them and said, "You're waiting on the Lord, are ye? That's no' the place!"

Lord Dudley made his visit very memorable. It is gratefully remembered, especially by the ministers, as on that day he granted them an augmentation to their small stipend, which has been continued down to this day.

The next Earl succeeded his father in 1885, but as he gave himself to politics, and rose to be Viceroy of Ireland, he had no time to visit the parish whose name had been his title for so many years.

Of the four lairds of this family only one had breathed Ednam air, and then only for an hour. It was no surprise, therefore, when in 1904 it was told that the ancient barony had passed into other hands. The new laird was Sir Richard John Waldie Griffith, Bart. of Hendersyde. Since the Edmondstoune days, the laird had never lived among his people, but now he was one to whom Ednam was home and native air. He was heir of a long line and also stood for two Kelso families of the olden time. Those who seek the head streams of his family go back to the beginning of the 17th century and find the farthest back in the Ormiston family. They were Quakers, with all the gentleness of their sect, and yet with a determination which neither the entreaty of friends nor the threatening of Presbytery could break.

And yet, withal, there was in them a noble tolerance towards those of other creeds. One of them loved a Roman Catholic and resolved to marry her, much to the distress of his relatives, who did all they could to dissuade him. Wearied with their entreaties, the young fellow determined to go to America and be married there. He was in the midst of his preparations one morning, when on his dressing-table he found a scrap of paper whereon were the words, "Thy sister married without my consent, and I did not disown her." It was his father's handwriting. The hand raised thus secretly in prayer and benediction stayed him, and so the family circle was, happily, kept unbroken in the old Ormiston Mansion, which stood where the National Bank now stands.

Ormiston, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," became a laird about the middle of the 17th century. By a charter granted by the Earl of Roxburgh, certain patches of land and rents and merklands were settled on him, his spouse and his son John. This is the first of a long procession of charters, dispositions, seizins and title-deeds, by which were added unto him houses and lands, out-fields and in-fields, rigs and merklands, with all their "pertinents, pairtes, and pendicles."

In 1699 was added unto them the estate of

Spittal, named after the Ednam Hospital, which stood on the field opposite the present race-course.

When Charles Ormiston became laird of Spittal his legal adviser was Charles Waldie, writer in Kelso, and from this time the two names were constantly associated. The association became final and complete when the grandson of the lawyer married the great-grand-daughter of the laird. Charles, last of the Ormistons in Hendersyde, died in 1773, and when his only daughter, Mrs Jane Waldie, came into the estate she was already a widow. The match between her and her husband was not uneven, as John Waldie was in his own right laird of Hayhope, Berniṅgton, and Berryhill.

Mrs Jane Waldie was succeeded by her son, George, who added Sharpitlaw to the estate in 1806. In his time the mansion house of Hendersyde was built and the policies were laid out.

George Waldie died in 1826, leaving a son and three daughters. The son, John Waldie, was a man of striking individuality, who travelled far and wide; a lover of the Fine Arts who was well known as a collector of pictures and statuary. He never married, and so was permitted to indulge his whims, one of them being a dread of children. "How many children have you?" he asked of a man applying for the chief gardener's place.

"Five, sir," was the answer. "Five! You may have a dozen yet!" Then after a pause, "Ah! that can't be helped," and thereupon the man was engaged.

When he died in 1865 the heir was George Griffith, son of his eldest sister, who had married Sir Richard Griffith, Bart., a well-known geologist and famous for his valuation of the land in Ireland. George Griffiths inherited his baronetcy in 1878. Born in 1820, he married Eliza, daughter of N. P. Leader, M.P., Dromagh Castle, County Cork, and had a son Richard and two daughters, the elder, Mona, marrying Thomas Taylor, Yr., of Chipchase Castle, and the younger, Gwendoline, marrying T. Turner Farley, a Worcestershire laird. He lived the life of the quiet country gentleman, a friend to all good people, and happy as those who have no annals. He died in 1889, and was succeeded by his son.

To the Hendersyde estate Sir Richard added Sydenham, and in 1904 he became laird of Ednam. The new laird was born in 1850, and was educated at Radley and Jesus College, Cambridge. As a youth his bent was towards engineering, and his amusement was in making experiments in mechanics and science, to the delight, sometimes to the alarm, of those near him. It was not to be engineering, however, but soldiering, and in 1872

he became a subaltern in the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards). He married Mary Nena daughter of General William Irwin, and not long after his marriage he retired from the Army with the rank of Captain.

At Hendersyde Sir Richard has lived a very full life. His minor pastimes are tennis, quoiting, also "the roarin' game," in which he is an expert, skipping a team against England at Talkin Tarn, and against the Canadians at Crossmyloof. The greater amusements are hunting, shooting, and, above all, salmon fishing in his own beloved Sprouston Dub. Horse-racing, too, has claimed him, and at one time or another most of the prizes short of the Blue Ribbon have fallen to his lot. He travels much in far lands, from India in the East to Cape Colony in the South.

Into all the public work of the district he throws himself with enthusiasm. For many years he was Colonel of the Border Rifles. He is a County Councillor, and Chairman of the Tweed Fisheries Board; and, a Unionist in politics, he is at the head of the Unionist organisation in the County. Roxburghshire was contested by him at the election in 1906, but, as the swing of the pendulum was strongly against his party at the time, he was defeated. In all philanthropic movements his place is at the front spending his energy and his money in a manner more than generous.

In his own parish he is always busy. From the hollow at Ferneyhill he has brought water to the summit of Cliftonhill, thence to flow down to the village and the scattered homesteads. He has a ready pencil, which, under little restraint, is allowed to take its way, sketching changes here and adding touches of beauty there to his buildings. His design are the storm windows with their Gothic pinnacles, and his, too, the changes inside the Ednam cottages and outside that make for space and comfort. And they are all the more welcome to the villagers, seeing that they have been made not at their expense, but at his.

In these years, too, the churchyard has been doubled in size by his gift, and endowment made that it may be carefully tended for all time. The annual gift to augment the slender stipend of the minister, first given long years ago by Lord Dudley, has also been continued by him. Last of all there is the village Play-green, and the new school which stands on it. The cost of this school probably no man will know. This is certain, that the first £1,500 came out of the rates, and that the second and the third and the fourth came out of his pocket. It was his free will to do these things, not as gifts or charities, but as investments, for, according to his philosophy of life, "it all comes back."

This completes the main line from terminus to terminus, but certain it is that since the 12th century there has always been a laird in the parish other than the laird of Ednam. In that century the Morvilles, lords of Lauderdale, received, in free gift, the north side of the parish—Newtonlees and Kaimflat—and they held it until, in a year unknown, but probably about 1320, it passed into the possession of the Hanganside family. In 1388 Richard of Hanganside gave Kaimflat to the Kelso Abbey for value to be received in the form of prayers for two friends supposed to be in Purgatory.

The Hanganside family kept their hold on Newtonlees and Newton until the middle of the 17th century with difficulty, it would seem, as in later years the property became heavily mortgaged. While the Hangansides were daily drawing nearer their fall, a Kelso writer named Alexander Don was preparing himself for better things.[1] He was a Perthshire man, the son of a farmer, who, with his brothers Patrick and Andrew, had settled in the district. Patrick rose to be Baron Bailie of Kelso; Andrew became a laird in Smailholm; but the success of the family was Alexander. He was a country writer, in other words, a rich man, and

[1] Berwick: Nat.: Trans. 1893, p. 302—"The Dons of Newton-Don," by Capt. C. B. Balfour.

he added to his own stores by marrying Isobel Smith, the heiress of Peelrig, in Berwickshire.

When the estates of Newton came into the market, which happened in 1648, Alexander Don bought them and established himself as first of the Dons of Newton-Don. He still continued to climb, buying estates, and, last of all, obtaining a baronetcy. There was a second, a third, a fourth and then, in 1776, a fifth baronet, by name Sir Alexander. Two years later he married a daughter of the Earl of Glencairn, and had a son Alexander and daughters Mary and Elizabeth. The daughters had a tragic end. With two girl companions they were wading through the Eden—then in flood—when, in mid-stream, Elizabeth fell and was carried down by the rushing waters. The girls made heroic efforts to rescue her, but all in vain. She was drowned, and with her perished her sister Mary and one of her girl friends. This all happened in a June day in 1795.

The sixth baronet, Sir Alexander, succeeded his father in 1815. He represented Roxburghshire in Parliament for a time and gained the good opinion of Sir Walter Scott, who writes thus of him, "His habits were those of a gay man much connected with the turf, but he possessed strong natural parts, and in particular few men could speak better in public when he chose. He had tact, wit,

power of sarcasm and that indescribable something which marks the gentleman." He died in 1826, at the age of forty-six, and was succeeded by his son William Henry.

Sir William was a year old at the time, and before he reached his majority two-thirds of his estate—including Harpertoun, Highridgehall, and Edenmouth—had been sold to pay the debts left to him by his father and made for him by himself.

At fourteen he took part in the Eglinton Tournament; at seventeen he was Cornet in the 5th Dragoons; at twenty he retired from the Army with the rank of Lieutenant; and at twenty-two he sold Newton-Don. He had now to work for his living, and chose the stage as a profession. After an apprenticeship as a strolling player he went to America, in 1850, and there had a great success. In 1855 he returned, and with some of his "play-actor" friends paid a visit to the neighbourhood, making the Cross Keys in Kelso his headquarters. Rumour had it that he had come to buy back his estate, if not to do something more desperate. All the movements of the stranger men were followed suspiciously by the townspeople; but, after a few walks to Newton-Don and a few moonlight rambles in its woods, he and they departed to return no more. After a tour through the provinces, Sir William went to Australia, and there, at Hobart's

Town, he died in 1862 at the age of thirty-seven. On his tomb at Newton-Don, placed there by his only sister, are these words, "Weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

Newton-Don passed from the Dons in 1847. The new laird was Charles Balfour, of the Whittingehame family, who lived a quiet uneventful life, and died in 1872. He was succeeded by his only son Charles Barrington Balfour, whose life is as busy and eventful as war and politics, and committees and Councils, and Boards can make it. He was ten at the time of his father's death, and at seventeen he took the way that led into the Army, which at that time was by competitive examination. At Eton, in the passing-out examination, and at Sandhurst, both in and out, he took a brilliant place, being something like second in the lists. He entered the Scots' Guards, served with his regiment in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and was in the fighting at Tel-el-Kebir. In addition to the glory, his share of the spoil was a fever.

Captain Balfour's second campaign was political, and in the Election of 1885 he carried the flag for the Conservatives of Roxburghshire. The result was a defeat, but no candidate could have shown more zeal and ability and, withal, greater tact.

It was Saturday night, and the end of the campaign. Kelso Corn Exchange was full and overflowing with people anxious to hear his cousin Arthur Balfour, whose hand was then on the door-handle of the Cabinet. The orator warmed to his work, and as Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, so did he in like manner to Mr Gladstone. The politician would be "a fushionless docken" who did not rouse his audience, and this Mr Balfour did by a fine crescendo passage ending with the words "And now Mr Gladstone stands before you branded with all the marks of failure." The back-benchers, who had been punctuating this passage with their yells, now changed the disturbance into a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, and producing their pipes began to smoke. It seemed as if the meeting had come to an end, when suddenly the young laird was seen at the front of the platform, lighting a cigarette and smoking majestically. The back benches became silent—wondering. "Gentlemen," said Charles Balfour, "if you smoke, so will I"—then a dramatic whiff—"but if you put away your pipes I will throw my cigarette away," and with the word, he threw it on the floor. In that moment every pipe disappeared, and every foot was still, and the future Prime Minister had his audience restored to him.

After several defeats, Captain Balfour obtained

a safe seat in Hornsey, which, however, he resigned after a few years. He married Lady Nina, daughter of the Earl of Antrim, and has four sons.

For centuries, Kaimflat was off and on a part of the Newton property. In 1832 it was sold to Robert Thomson, a native of Lauder, who had gone to Edinburgh to "push his fortune." He was a draper in the Lawnmarket, who became a Town Councillor and died a Bailie. He was known as "King Tom," and, from his advice to a fellow-councillor, "Never open your mouth unless there's a spoon in front of it," it would seem that in debate he was more forcible than refined. He was succeeded by his son and daughter William and Isabella, whose home was in Glasgow.

In 1868 Kaimflat was bought by George Baird, the son of a small farmer near Coatbridge. The father had enterprise above the common, and gave his four sons a lead when he rented a little coal-pit near his farm. They were men of genius in their way, with abundance of mother wit and an insight beyond anything that is learned in colleges. They knew a capable man when they saw him, and brought him in to assist them in their undertakings. The success of the brothers was "bye-ordinar'." A humble neighbour in the iron trade, fond of classical allusions, was supposed to liken their wealth to that of Crœsus. "D'ye see that

man?" said he on one occasion, indicating George Baird as he crossed the floor of the Glasgow Exchange; "D'ye see that man? He's as rich as Crocus!"

Half a million of this wealth went to the Church of Scotland in one gift from James, the eldest of the brothers. George was also a good friend to the Church, but his wealth went in another direction. Like the proverbial Scotsman, George made for the land in 1860. He bought Kaimflat, after inheriting the adjoining parish of Stichill. In Aberdeenshire he bought the parish of Strichen. In the island of Skye he bought a few parishes.

George Baird died in 1870, leaving his millions to George Abington, his only child. The lot of this youth was not a happy one. He was stiff-necked and perverse, and one after another of his tutors left him with this regret in common, that they had not given him at least one good thrashing. Midway in his teens he developed a love for horse-racing. He made a race-course in the field under the windows of Stichill House, and there, hour after hour and day after day, he rode round and round with a persistency enough to make his stable boys sick. His nineteenth year had not been lived out when he left Stichill, and never again was it his home, or even his resting-place for a night, until he was carried there to find his last resting-place.

He entered recklessly on life. In horse racing he stood in the front rank, winning the "Derby" with his horse "Merry Hampton." He was also a lover of the art and science of self-defence. One of his friends was a professor of this science, the acknowledged light-weight champion of these islands. This friend's ambition was to meet and trounce the champion of the New World, and when a fight was arranged at New Orleans, Baird went with him. They reached New Orleans, but after a few days Baird caught fever, and died in a delirium calling for his mother. He had finished his thirty-first year.

He had not spent all his living, however, as of the three millions with which he began life there remained something under a million at his death. By his will everything passed to his mother. Mrs Baird was an Irish lady, the daughter of an admiral. She was hospitable and generous to a fault, but she had a proud imperious way, which not seldom alienated the kindly affection for which in her heart she hungered. She died in 1895.

After the death of Mrs Baird, Kaimflat, with Stichill, was again in the market, and the new laird was James Deuchar, a merchant in Newcastle, who had gone thither as a youth from Forfarshire, his native county.

In 1834, when the Newton-Don estate was falling to pieces, Harpertoun and Highridgehall were secured by William Moffat, a commander in the East India Company's Naval Service. He was grandson of John Moffat, a merchant in Lauder, who was Bailie and then Chief Magistrate of the ancient and royal burgh, and who died in 1742.

Chief Magistrate John had a son James, who sought adventures far from Lauder—and found them. He was a surgeon in the East India Company's Service, and at the age of twenty-three was appointed to the "Elizabeth," then stationed at Calcutta. On the afternoon of 19th June, 1756, the young surgeon was ashore visiting some friends in the Fort William garrison. He was on the point of returning to his ship, then at anchor in the river, when the troops of the Nawab Suraja Dowlah entered the Fort. Their presence hastened his going, and well for him that he went, as those within the garrison, to the number of 145, spent that night in what has since been known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. He died in 1788.

William Moffat, son of this man, bought Harpertoun and Highridgehall or, as it is now named, Edenhall, in 1834. He was born in 1771, and died in 1850, and was succeeded by his son James Douglas Moffat, Captain in the Bengal Cavalry.

Captain Moffat had two sons, Douglas and James, and a daughter who was famous in her day as a horsewoman. Douglas the heir has his place here among the lairds, but he has an equal right to a place among the poets, for he has given at least two volumes of verse to the world. "The Lays of Modern Oxford," written by him, deal with less august themes than "The Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay; but, as they are Lays describing struggles between "Town and Gown," they are quite as full of life.

Unfortunately, he never made his home in the parish, and all that was known of him came by hearsay. Rumour was kind to him, however, attributing to him literary gifts of a high order, and also athletic gifts, including great skill in cricket and fencing and boxing. But the bond-holders became impatient, and for that and other reasons, the estate was sold to the trustees of Alexander Grieve for £37,000.

In 1888 Edenhall passed to James Macfarlane Grieve, nephew of Alexander Grieve, who in his day had been a farmer in Berwickshire. The new laird was an able student in Edinburgh University, and, later on, the vicar of an English parish. He has now given up his charge and lives on his estate in Cambridgeshire.

CHAPTER III.

The Fields.

THE INDWELLERS on these Fields of Eden, commonly known as Edenham or Ednam, sometimes speak of them as "the red land" when the thought comes to them of all their toilings under scorching summer suns. But the phrase, harsh as it may be made to sound, comes from their lips with a wonderful softness, as if, despite these toilings, their hearts went fondly out to it. These Fields, red or green, are very dear to them, for they are the fields on which the generations in their turn have planned and toiled, sorrowed and rejoiced, and where, now that their task is done, they lie beneath the blast.

Like the old friend of the family, who recounts to the children his recollections of their fathers and grandfathers, the Fields of Ednam are full of reminiscence of the days of old. They preserve not a few names and traditions of the vanished generations. They have forgotten many things,

but, so quickly does time smooth away the furrows of man's making and obliterate the traces of his presence, it is wonderful they have not forgotten more. To some, indeed, they have little or nothing to say; but those who cross-question them in a kindly way will, with a little prompting, learn from them many interesting facts. At least, there is more to be gathered from them than the gleanings of last year's harvest.

The story which the fields tell goes back beyond the times of men, and, as the way is with the very aged, while the things of yesterday escape the memory those of long ago are clearly remembered. The fields have forgotten nothing of their own early history, which has been printed on them in deep ineradicable characters. They are like a manuscript which has been written over again and again; a palimpsest covered over with writing of various ages which is decipherable only by the expert. To the geologist they are perfectly garrulous and tell a long story that reaches back through millions of years.

The story of those primeval seas which deposited the great beds of marl now found lying deep under the soil, of that primeval river that has silted up the smoothly-rounded kaim, of those primeval lakes and forests that have left their trace in the "cheesy" bog, is one which the fields will never

cease to tell until the day of the new earth. It is needless, therefore to tell a story which has already been told, and of which the writing can never be lost. It is otherwise with any human traditions that may still be clinging to them. The fields have a poor memory for men and their affairs, and if the few facts to which they can speak are worthy of remembrance, their depositions must at once be taken.

The oldest relics of these byegone generations are the names of the fields. They are words of theirs which reveal not only their nationality but also their character, their humour, and their charity. Although it is permissible to construct history from place-names, it is right to remember that they form a precarious foundation. One field may be known as "Havannah," and another as "Ko-lan-soo," but it is not to be inferred that in these parts there has at any time been an irruption of West Indians or Chinese. A landlord may name his fields as he names his house or his dog. He requires neither Act of Parliament nor Royal Letters Patent, and if place-names are now the surest proof that once on a time the land was possessed by Celt and Dane and Saxon, it is because they are common not merely to a parish but to a countryside.

While all names are thus at the will of man,

those of the farms are less exposed to the mischances of time than those of the fields. It is evident that no spoiler's hand has been laid on the farm-names of Ednam West Mains, Newtonlees, Kaimflat, Houndrig, Harpertoun, Highridgehall, and Hendersyde. They are fragments of the speech of the first settlers on the soil, and as they are words common to the district it is confidently inferred that they were a people of Norse and Saxon origin. Sydenham and Ferneyhill have also a venerable look, although as a matter of fact they were first heard of in these parts in the last quarter of last century, while the really old farm names of Bangos Walls and Heavyside were lost about the beginning of the last century. The old Ednam East Mains is now Cliftonhill, which with Springhall are words of recent importation. It is evident that names of fields have a poor chance of existence when out of a total of twelve farms the names of four have been compounded and introduced within a century. The incoming tenant of a farm may be a stranger to the district, and if his ploughmen are also strangers to the place they new-name the fields according to their whim. The new-naming does not harm the crops, but it destroys traditions. It is an indignity to rob fields of names which they have borne perhaps for centuries. Of course it seldom happens that

there is not some one to stand by the old words and save the fields from this unkindness. Of the many workers on a farm there is almost certain to be one who loves the flavour of the old names, and reverencing the traditions of the fathers, strives to keep them alive among his fellow-workers. Another source of danger is the practical spirit of the age. Men are slowly ridding themselves of the quaintness and circumlocutions of the olden time, and almost every farm has fields known as The Calf Park, The Horse Park, The Stackyard Park, or The Coo Gang. There is little of the old-world atmosphere clinging to these names, which are as reasonable and intelligible as prose can make them. The practical farmer has exchanged the old names for these, and it is certain he has made a loss on the transaction. But there are worse spirits about than the practical, and one of them has been busy at Houndrig. On that farm there are fields known as The Parlour and The Cottage. There is forgiveness for those who call the park where the horses are usually sent to graze The Horse Park, but there is none for those who displace a picturesque traditional name for one so singularly inappropriate as The Parlour. Another source of danger to field-names is the shortening to which many of them have been subjected. Some of them have been too long for

men in a hurry, and if they lend themselves to contraction their fate is sealed. Many names have been thus corrupted beyond all hope of identification, while others are on their way to the same fate. Amongst Ednam fields the three Fannies are in the hopeless state. It is charitable to suppose that their name is the contraction of some longer word, but if this be so, they are unable to give an account of themselves or even to suggest their baptismal names. It is still well enough known in the neighbourhood that Coonjie is the contraction of Queenscairn. Mopus is still understood by a few, but by the end of another lease he will become as much a mystery as Fanny. This field with the Latin name yields crops with the best of its neighbours, but once upon a time it was thickly dotted over with great stones. To clear these stones away was the work of many years, and when at last it was accomplished the farmer named the field his Magnum Opus. This proved too much for the farm workers who quickly shortened Magnum Opus into Mopus. The Geyspul is the field lying close by the church, and although it is a variation of the word gospel which is entirely without authority, it will be recognised as such as long as the church continues on its present site. Another field, which was used as a burying-ground for those who had been killed in one of the many

Border fights, was named The Dead Rigs. It is now called The Cross Field, and in a few years will probably be known as The Six Acre Park. It is thus that traditions are given away, and if one should complain that there is little to be gathered from field-names he may be assured that by and bye there will be much less.

Amongst Ednam field-names are those, first of all, which keep alive the story of those early ages and movements when waters covered the earth and the soil was in the making. One of these is the Kaim in Kaimflat. This name, not yet exchanged for Coo Pasture, carries the thought back to the time of the ancient seas and rivers. The old "Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1796, gravely states that The Kaim was raised as a means of defence, but that great green beautifully-rounded dome, standing in midst of flat fields, is much older than war or even rumour of war. Geologists are certain that it has been built up by river waters which flowed in those dim centuries when the time of man was not yet. In Sydenham there is a Marl Brae, and in Houndrig and Cliftonhill a Marl Bog, which are also reminiscences of this same period. Marl is a mixture of clay and carbonate of lime, and is perhaps the crumbled remains of vast beds of sea-shells; at least geologists believe it to be a deposit of sea-

water. Although the name does not elsewhere occur, marl is met with in several other fields in the parish. The richest seam of all is or was in Harpertoun, which appears to have been the grand quarry for the neighbourhood. The old marl diggings of a century ago are still traceable, and so peculiarly has one field been cut and carved by the diggers that it now receives the not inappropriate name of The Whale's E'en, as it is "very like a whale."

There are again those names which may be held to attest the nationality of the first settlers. Amongst these are the Anglo-Saxon Laws. In Ferneyhill are the three Tan Laws, Easter, Wester, and Mid; Lamber Law in Edenmouth; Green Law in Cliftonhill; and the three Moor Laws in Highridgehall. The Kip in Edenmouth is also Anglo-Saxon, and those who would derive it from the Latin caput have against them Tweedside mothers who familiarly talk of the nez retroussé of their neighbour's child as "a Kip." These be meagre reminiscences and prove the havoc time has wrought among the old words.

There are also glimpses of the people who have come and gone since those first days. In Ednam West Mains the best field is known as Bruce's Park. It is a surprise to find Bruce owning anything in this neighbourhood, as he and his name

were strangers to this eastern Border. Who was this Bruce whose ownership is still remembered and asserted? As far as can be ascertained no one of the name has even farmed the land. There was once a Marjory Bruce, however, who owned the land, but it was long ago. She was only daughter to King Robert of Bannockburn, and when she went in marriage to Walter, High Steward of Scotland, her father gave her, as part of her dowry, the barony of Ednam. Is it too much to be believed that the name comes down from the days of Marjory? Nearest the village of the Ferneyhill fields, and in full view of the houses, is The Gallows Park. This name was not chosen for its beauty, and was given probably to commemorate the spot where some poor creature paid the last penalty of the law. Hanging was commoner than it is, and there was a time when every baron had a gallows of his own. One of the privileges included in the King's gift of a free barony was that of having and using a private "pit and gallows," and near most of the old baronial homes there is a Gallows Hill. Galalaw, at the gate of Floors, is doubtless the Gallows Law of the old barons, where many troublesome mortals have ceased from troubling. If the laird of Ednam was a baron with all a baron's rights, may not Gallows Park be the place where he

punished wrongdoers within his jurisdiction? If Ferneyhill keeps in remembrance the judgment of men it remembers also the mercy, and if it has a Gallows Park it has also a Spittal Field. Ednam was famous in the Border country for its hospital known as St. Leonard's. It was a refuge for folk old and stricken, although a Nenthorn minister, who was neither, but who, in Covenanting times, had been deprived of his living, and ordered to live outwith the parish, made it his home, and continued there to minister to those of his flock who still clave to him. It was one of twenty-nine similar houses in Scotland, and was peculiarly an old-world form of charity, for, while there are still a few in England like that of St. Cross at Winchester, there is not one now in Scotland. St. Leonard's Hospital is levelled, not one stone of it standing on another. All that now remains of it are the field names Spittal Field and Little Spittal, a few balsams about the hedgeroots, and other plants thrown out from its garden, and a splinter of stone with a few letters carved on it like the facing of a tombstone, which was recently found by an outworker and consigned by her again to the ground. The Croft in Cliftonhill may be the croft referred to by David I. in that charter of his which grants a croft in Ednam to the monks of Coldingham. It may, however, only point

to the existence of crofters, who, with their rights of soumen and roumen—in modern phraseology, grazing their cattle wheresoever in a parish it pleased them—formed a characteristic feature of the ancient rural life in Scotland. In Sydenham there is a Mutton Hole, and the farmer who gave this name to a rich grassy hollow must have been a genial man, able to see the humour of a situation. Beggarum in Harpertoun, if it is really a contraction for Beggar Him, shows not only that the ploughmen had a kindly interest in their master, but also had humour in them.

The field names which have been corrupted or are merely in the process are not many. In Houndrig, there are three fields known as Fanny, and distinguished from each other by the prefixes East, West, and Middle. By the side of these three maids must be placed Cockle Kitty of Cliftonhill, who is also silent as a Sphinx concerning the origin of her name. The most surprising of all names, however, is that of the field in Highridgehall, which is known as The Moral Law. Absurd as it is, it may yet be pardoned to a Scottish zeal for the law. When the inquiring stranger hears that in addition to The Moral Law there is an East Moral Law and a West Moral Law he fears that the farmer has trifled with the commandments. A simple explanation exonerates

him. The name is Moor Law which, if one would linger on the L, becomes Moor-ul-Law and then Moral Law.

The field-names of Harpertoun are, as a whole, more interesting than those of any of the other farms, and may be given in detail as an example of the quaintness and variety a single farm may yield. The list consists of The Daw's Tongue, Thrussly, Owsen Lairs, Whale's E'en, Kingsrighill, Houndrighill, Houndrig Flat, Beggarum, Failha', Crooked Braes, Gitrigwell, Gitrighill, Wheatlands, Cauldlaws, Smiddy Hill, The Tod's Back, Black Butts, The Auld Toun, Wind's Cross, and The Little Bog. The farms of Newtonlees and Kaimflat have no names of special interest, except the Kaim, while Ednam West Mains, which should have been richest of all, is most disappointing. Hill Wa's is one of them, but it suggests nothing; The Island is a misnomer; Lang Sandy is unreasonable; Popple Burn Park is tolerable. To the antiquarian the glory of Ednam West Mains is the knoll standing in its midst, to which the fields rise by gentle ascent. According to the Ordnance Survey it is 207 feet above sea level, and, as the Fore Hill in Cliftonhill is 285 feet, it is considerably lower than the highest point in the parish. The top of this knoll is the one unreclaimed spot in the parish, and is cut off from

the well-tilled fields by a wall of earth. This circular enclosure has always been known as The Picts' Knowe, and until the October storm of 1881 was covered with Scotch firs. In the centre of this circle there are three great lichen-covered stones, and amongst experts the belief is that they mark the burial place of some notable person. Who can it be who has chosen this knowe as his last earthly resting place? Who but Thor Longus? Like another Thor, his noble kinsman Thorwaldsen, who lies in Copenhagen with all the creations of his genius around him, it is an ideal rest for Thor Longus to lie in midst of the fields he has reclaimed and, at his feet the village and the village church, and the living voice he has set there to rise for ever in prayer for the souls of his people. It was a holy spot, but the healthy reverence for a benefactor gave place to a superstitious dread, and for a time it was known as the Bogey Plantin'. There were strange sights and sounds at midnight, and good old Thor, who in his lifetime could have harmed no one, was made the Bogey of the neighbourhood. In this more practical age there is no more a Picts' Knowe or a Bogey Plantin', but simply a rising ground which is known as The Mount. The Sydenham estate was formed by joining field to field, and most of the fields bear the names of the Kelso

worthies from whom they were bought. There is Chatto Park, whose former owner was the Kelso bailie of that name, and Jamieson's Park, and Blackadder's Park, and Lillie Loch. But there is also a Marl Brae, a Cowdie Knowe, a Shoulder of Mutton, and a Wash-House Field. Between Ferneyhill and Edenmouth there is a friendly rivalry in names. Ferneyhill has its Tanlaws, and Edenmouth its Kip and Lamberlaw; the one has its Gallows Park and the other its Corbie; the one has its Dove Hill, on which Thomson's monument stands, while the other has its Rabbit Braes; and both are alike plentifully supplied with Easters and Westers, as appied to Bogs and Crofts, Slacks and Haughs.

Ednam has another field which lies in the hollow of its hand. It is the least of them all and is best known as The Kirkyaird. The other fields are continually changing from red to green and from green to yellow and from yellow to white, but The Kirkyaird has few changes. There is an occasional furrow of red earth to be seen in the midst of its constant green, but everyone who sees it knows that it is the last furrow of one who is never more to labour on the outbye fields. This field is a gentle slope, lying to the sun, with the Kirk at its head and the river at its foot. The Kirk and Chancel stand at their full length and shelter it

from the north wind. At the east end of the Kirk, and completing the northern boundary, is the aisle of the Edmondstoune family. There is another aisle with another laird, which is shut off from the sunshine within its high walls, but as for the rest of this field, in which eight centuries of Ednam folk have foregathered, it lies open and "beeks fornent the sun." Most of the people's stories have been buried with them, and every secret of theirs has been loyally kept.

Ednam tombstones cannot be accused of insincerity, as not one of them indulges in a vain flattering of the dead. Their fault is that they have so quickly forgotten the story they were asked to keep in remembrance. Those older than the middle of last century, and there are almost a dozen, have not a decipherable letter left on them. They have praying women deeply carved on them and skulls and crossed bones and hourglasses and an occasional flower, and gargoyle heads bitted and bridled, but of name or date not a word. The oldest of them still telling its story is that of the Fairbairns, who, father and son, William and Edward alternately, have been the blacksmiths in Ednam for two centuries. Amongst the most recent is a white cross of Carrara, shining with a foreign beauty amid the Scottish sandstones and granites. With its sculptured ivy leaves and

winter berries, and for legend the solitary word "Fidelis," it marks the last resting-place of Sir George Griffith of Hendersyde.

They are all here, although they are almost all forgotten, the lairds and tenants, beadles and ministers, weather-browned workers of every rank, during the last eight centuries.

> No more they'll fear the heat o' the sun
> Or the furious winter's rages.
> . . . . . .
> Home they've gone and ta'en their wages.

CHAPTER IV.

The Church.

THE FOUNDATIONS of the Church were laid in the days of King Edgar, 1097-1107, and the story of the pious labour can still be traced in a document which is preserved in the treasury of Durham Cathedral. It was written by the Founder himself, Thor Longus, and is sealed by his own hand. The figure on the seal is that of a man seated on a Chair of State, holding a great Northern sword uplifted and ready for action. It is Thor's own charter, and doubtless it is his own presence he has placed there to guard the page.

When the contractions of the Latin have been smoothed out it reads in this wise: Domino suo karissimo Dauidi comiti, Thor omnino suus: salutem. Sciatis domine mi, quod Eadgarus rex frater uester dedit mihi Ednaham desertam, quam ego suo auxilio et mea pecunia inhabitaui, et ecclesiam a fundamentis fabricaui, quam frater uester Rex in honorem sancti Cuthberti fecit

dedicari, et una carrucata terre eam dotauit. Hanc eandam ecclesiam, pro anima eiusdem domini mei regis Eadgari, et patris et matris uestre, et pro salute uestra et regis Alexandri, et Mathildis regine, Sancto predicto, et Monachis eius dedi. Vnde vos precor, sicut dominum meum karissimum, ut pro animabus parentum uestrorum, et pro salute uiuorum, hanc donationem Sancto Cuthberto et Monachis sibi in perpetuum seruituris, concedatis.[1]

In the mother tongue it reads thus: To his dearest Lord David the Earl, Thor entirely his, wisheth health. Know my Lord that King Edgar your brother gave to me Ednaham, waste, which I by his assistance and my own money have inhabited and have built from the foundation, the church which your brother the King caused to be dedicated in honour of St. Cuthbert, and endowed with one ploughgate of land. This same church, I, for the souls of my Lord King Edgar and of your father and mother and for your weal and that of King Alexander and of Queen Matilda, have given to the aforesaid Saint and his monks. Wherefore, I pray you, as my dearest Lord, that for the souls of your parents and for the well-being of the living, you grant this donation to St. Cuthbert and the monks who shall serve him forever.

(1) National M.S.S. of Scotland. Vol. I. No. XIV.

This charter is a portrait as much as a history, and the pen wielded by this man has all the skill and point of the etcher's needle. With its few brief touches it makes an enduring picture, and causes Thor to stand out among the shadows as the one strong man of the countryside. He was loyal to his King Edgar; a good fighter but one who handled both the sword and the trowel. Edgar had to fight his way and all friends of his must perforce be men of the sword; but soon as war's alarums have ceased he built a church for his people. "I have built a church from the foundations." The first foundation was laid by Thor, and although the stones lie hidden, so that no man can point to the place of their resting, yet they were laid sure enough and they abide. It is vain to seek them, however, poking in the dust; they are elsewhere for, surely, when the faithful meet for prayer they are there standing on Thor's foundation.

The second foundation was not of stone and lime, but of land given as an endowment. According to the charter Edgar "endowed it with one ploughgate of land," and, later on, when he had been gathered to his fathers, David was asked and of a surety confirmed this donation.[1] Now, the ploughgate was a well-defined land measure

(1) Raine's N. Durham, p. 23. App. CII.

which remained long in use. The oxgate was thirteen acres; two oxgates or twenty-six acres formed a husbandland, the allotment of a husbandman; and four husbandlands, the work of eight toiling oxen, was the portion assigned as the stipend for Thor's minister. The ploughgate was a hundred and four acres, fat acres without a doubt, but of their situation or their boundaries no man knoweth. Landmarks are easily removed, and people forget, and so the minister's acres have disappeared as completely as the Lost Tribes.

Almost as soon as the foundations were laid, it would seem that the church and its endowment were handed over to the monks of Coldingham Abbey. They held the patronage and made their own arrangements about the acres. The first to begin nibbling at the Ednam tithes were the men of Newton in the Nenthorn district, and if the Coldingham monks did not connive at their action, at least they did not hinder them. Complaint was made to the bishop who settled the matter in the following decree, issued in 1127:—"Robert, by the grace of God, Bishop of St. Andrews, to all the sons of Holy Mother Church that are within his diocese: greeting and episcopal benediction. Know that this convention has been made between the Mother Church of Hedenham and the Chapel of Newton before me and Hugh the Constable, to

wit: that that Mother Church ought to have all her tithes and all the rights of Newton and that the monks of Coldingham whose that Mother Church is cause mass to be sung at the chapel on three days of the week, and at the Nativity of our Lord, and at the Purification, and in Passion Week, and at Pasch. And at St. Cuthbert's Day they come to their Mother Church. And that in nothing the Mother Church suffer injury on account of this chapel. But if the men of Newton do any wrong concerning tithes, or concerning other rights belonging to their Mother Church, divine service shall cease in that chapel until it be reconciled to the Mother Church." [1]

This was the first attempt to tamper with the foundations, and if in the changes of the years that followed the Church has been left poor, it is consolation to remember that there was a day when she was regarded as a Mother among Churches. And the churches which she "mothered" were those of Stichill and Newton and Nenthorn, having had them placed under her care and jurisdiction by the bishop.[2]

There was still another foundation while David was King. In the charter conveying this additional gift David says, "Know that I have given to God

(1) National M.S.S. of Scotland. Vol. I. No. XXVIII.

(2) Raine's N. Durham, p. 94. App.

and St. Cuthbert of Durham and the monks of Coldingham one toft in the village of Ednam, which Gilbert the Presbyter of Stichill holds of me, and of "which the reddendum is two shillings a year." [3]

The charter does not say that this was an addition to the stipend of the minister of St. Cuthbert's, although it is reasonable to suppose that it was intended for him. Earmarked or not the rent of this toft was, doubtless, equally safe in the hands of the Coldingham monks.

And now there is a long silence. Faithfully were the holy rites performed; but of the people, their troubles and their gifts, there is not a word, and of the priests who served at the altar, with the exception of Orm and Robert son of Goze,[4] not a name survives.

With the Reformation in 1560 came an end of masses and priests, but not until 1599 was there a minister of the new faith settled in the parish. The spiritual needs of the people were not, however, neglected during this period. Under the Superintendent, who had the spiritual oversight of the district, sacraments were administered and the Word was publicly read by one of the class known as the Readers. The Reader read prayers

(3) Raine's N. Durham, p. 5. App.

(4) Ibid, pp. 81, 94.

and portions of Scripture to the people at their weekly gathering on the Lord's Day. He might even expound and exhort; but like the local preacher and the lay missionary he was only an understudy of the minister. There was a dearth in those first years not only of ministers but even of readers, and not uncommonly did it happen that a reader had several parishes in his care.

The first of the Readers was Thomas Aitkin who had also Makerstoun and Nenthorn in his circuit. He came in 1576 and went in 1579 when the duty was undertaken by Robert Rhynde, son of the minister of Kinnoul. He had been Reader in Kinnoul and after a year in Ednam he was translated to Mertoun. Duncan Walker, Reader in Borthwick, was appointed in 1585 but in a few years' time he passed on to the charge of Nenthorn.[1]

On the presentation of James VI. Thomas Porteous came in, or about, 1599. He was the first of the ministers and unlike the Readers and other ministerial birds of passage he came to stay. His story is dull, showing nothing beyond the record of a faithful life. Faithful to his parish he was certainly faithful to his Presbytery; and it is no small praise. In those days the Presbytery met once a week for the business, of which there was an abundance. Once a month one of the

(1) Scott's 'Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanae.' Part II., p. 459.

brethren delivered a lecture or sermon, called "the commonhead," on a subject which had been prescribed to him. It is praise enough for any man to say that he was regular in his attendance at these meetings; and of Mr Porteous it can be said that he is only once marked absent.

The subjects prescribed for the monthly lectures show what were conceived to be the special problems of the time. From these it can be seen that the thoughts of ministers were in those days still turned to the Reformation controversy, and that their sermons were full of echoes of that strife. Mr Porteous lectured his brethren on the subject of "The Antichrist," a subject which nowadays would not be readily chosen. Other subjects handled by them in the monthly sermon were such as "the primacy of the pope," and "the power of the keys;" they discussed the questions of "penance" and "purgatory" and "auricular confession" and "indulgences" and "the invocation of the saints," and, most frequently of all, "the authority of scripture." These were the burning questions of the time and which, in times gone bye, had burned many.

In this choice of texts there was perhaps more than a mere love of fighting old battles over again. In remote places there were some who were not quite sure that they had been right in breaking

away from the Church of Rome, and for these people the sermons were meant. A relic of the old Romish days was to be seen at Linton where certain parishioners were at this very time reviving the Pasche Plays, a form of foolery allowed in olden days by the Church.

Older even than the Pasche Plays were certain superstitions that had lingered from Pagan times; and some were haled before the Presbytery for kindling bonfires on Midsummer's Night's Eve. This, too, was the time of witches, and whenever any one was suspected of harbouring or trafficking with spirits of the nether world there was more work for the Church Courts. Another source of trouble in Mr Porteous' time was the determination of some to bury their dead within the walls of the parish church. This was forbidden by law but the attempt was made in Sprouston and Morebattle. Sprouston case was that of "Charlie" Burne who desired that his dead wife should lie in the forbidden ground. He secretly broke into the kirk, and with the help of the men of Redden and Hadden he dug a grave and buried her there by the glimmering light of candles. This case was long before the Presbytery and ended with the censure of the offenders. But the rod was not spared in those days, and not seldom, from one pulpit or another, were to be heard the thunders

of the first admonition to the transgressor, followed, if it brought no repentance, by a second and then by the admonition third and final.

Stern with the people the minister of Nenthorn found, to his cost, that they were not less severe with any brother who happened to break one of the commandments. At a meeting of Presbytery "it was lamentit by the brethren" that the minister of Nenthorn had "ridden to Ingland" upon the Sabbath day. He did not "fight the case," but anxious rather to be purged of his offence, it was ordained that he "sal publicklie upon ane Sabbath mak confessioun of his fault upon his knees before the parochin." By appointment of the Presbytery one of the brethren was present at the service in Nenthorn in that sad hour, and later on he reported that all had been done "conform to the ordinance of the Presbyterie."

These were the offences which troubled Israel in the time of Mr Porteous but due, probably, to his wise teaching, none of the cases came from his parish.

In 1617 came the second minister, also on the presentation of James VI. He was John Clapperton, M.A., son of the minister of Lennel, and his first appearance in Presbytery was to present a letter from the Bishop of St. Andrews permitting him to desert his own Presbytery and

join himself to that of Earlston. What ailed him at Kelso, the Presbytery of Mr Porteous? He did not use his permission, however, as at a later meeting he is found still taking his part as one of the Kelso brethren. But he had no love of Presbytery, and, to use the Bishop's word, became an out-and-out deserter. The bishops had, of course, returned to the scene, and although they had some good friends like Mr Clapperton they had less power in those days than any who have ever borne the title. They wrote letters to Presbyteries reminding them to elect their Commissioners to the General Assembly and to keep the Acts of the Assembly! They also granted permissions to the Presbyteries to take men on trial for the ministry; and herein lay their one real power. On one occasion at least the Presbytery resolved to disobey the command of the Bishop. He bade the ministers attend the Synod to be held at Peebles on 25th May, 1636, and they refused on the ground that it was Ascension Day!

The people were still on the outlook for witches and some were still making the Pagan bonfires on Midsummer Night's Eve; but the most serious complaints are those of people "dishaunting the kirk" and "absteining from the sacraments." But people were not so unconcerned as they looked. The serious spirit grew under the fostering care

of King Charles, and showed itself the one strong power in the land when he tried to force his liturgy into their churches. In February, 1638, the Covenant was signed in Greyfriars' Churchyard: in November, 1638, the Assembly met and deposed the bishops, at the same time sweeping away all that savoured of Episcopacy, amongst the wreckage being Mr Clapperton. He adhered to his bishop and his liturgy and so was deprived of his living and "outed" in 1639.

Following him in that same year came John Somervell, M.A., grandson of the sixth Lord Somerville. He had been schoolmaster in Morebattle for a time, and, as a "probationer expectant," was doubtless well known in the district. The Ednam people had heard him preach several times and being "very well pleased with his gift," asked the Presbytery to settle him as their minister. June 25th was fixed for the ordination, and elders and heritors and people gathered at the appointed time —only to be disappointed. At the critical moment John Blackwood, servitor to the Earl of Stirling, appeared on the scene. He had ridden post-haste from Berwick, and he produced a letter from King Charles forbidding the Presbytery to proceed, and declaring that Mr Clapperton was still minister. The King was in camp at Berwick at the time,

and fearing the pains and penalties with which he threatened them, the Presbytery postponed the ordination and took counsel with the foremost men of the Solemn League and Covenant. Even they must have hesitated, as, not until November did the Presbytery venture to ordain and induct Mr Somervell. It was a quiet ceremony held in Kelso and followed a few days later by a public reception in Ednam.

The young minister was full of energy. He was ever a fighter who had but little sweet reasonableness or diplomacy in his composition. He saw only one way to the object of his desire. It was the straight way and nothing could deflect him by a hairsbreadth from following it. In the month after his settlement he appeared thrice before the Presbytery, once to lecture them on the canonical books, and twice to complain of Jean Stirling, his predecessor's wife, who still lived in the Manse and with her servants had just tilled the glebe. But Mistress Jean was frightened neither for him nor his Presbytery; and although he was constantly fretting and fuming and complaining, she held the field and also the Manse for another year.

Complaint was also made by him that the people of Harpertoun and Bangoswalls worshipped in Eccles, and refused to believe that they were not

within the borders of Eccles parish. But his hands were always full. On two occasions he made his people sign the Covenant, which they were not unwilling to do. In 1641 Mr Somervell was with the Covenanting army at Durham as chaplain, and, later on ministered to the garrison in Hume Castle. In 1651, when the Covenanting soldiers became the defenders of Charles II. he had no further dealings with them. They were no longer the "true blue" children of the Covenant and in their ranks were many "Malignants," that is, men who had refused to sign the Covenant. He said he could not pray for the King, or for an army so constituted; that he was not satisfied with the actings of the Kirk and that they had "sett up a mortall man before King Christ." Cromwell's soldiers were more to his liking, and in the divisive courses on which he now entered he had to look to them for protection.

Not a few were grieved that "Malignants" were allowed to join the army of the Covenant and that this was by the express permission of the General Assembly. They thought this was a surrender of the whole position and at once entered their protest. Mr Somervell was one of this party, known as the Protesters, and as long as Puritan soldiers were at hand, he waged war with all who approved of the Assembly's decision.

Mr Somervell was noted for his bitter tongue. At a visitation of the parish the people say that "they have reason to thank God for him but think him bitter in public reproof, which they excuse on account of zeal," while his opinion of his people is that "they are not the worst sort." He was very bitter, even to the brethren, and on one occasion in Presbytery meeting he prayed at them and preached at them. This was more than brethren could endure, and at next meeting they gave him more than they got.

The Protesters were the extreme Evangelicals of their time, Covenanters of the stern unbending type, who although in a minority in Church Courts had the majority amongst the people. The crowd followed them and for a time they were idolized. In defiance of the Presbytery, Mr Somervell crossed to Sprouston, and with others inducted Mr Row to the ministry. He went also to the induction of Mr A^w^ Rutherford in Eccles. Here it would seem the rival party had gathered in force, for he had to make his way with the troopers, and on entering the church had trodden on a wounded man lying on the door-step. For these doings he was called to account by the Presbytery; and now began a conflict which lasted for nine years. At last the end came. Cromwell died in 1658, and in 1660, when the

King had come to his own, the Presbytery spoke with more authority and forthwith deposed Mr Somervell from the office of the ministry. At the same time his elders, eleven in number—there were over three hundred communicants in those days—were disowned with him; and thus for the second time Presbyterianism came to an end.

Robert Young, who had been tutor to Lord Home's son, was next chosen after preaching a trial sermon in the little thatched sanctuary at Ednam. The people were mostly absent that day, doubtless sulking in their tents with the eleven deposed elders; but the heritors were present and the precentor, who, from his desk, had declared the old elders to be only "pretended elders." And now for a time there were no elders either pretended or otherwise. The stern days of the Covenant were at an end and, in a land where Charles II. was King, church discipline soon lost all its terrors.

But there is now another matter to grieve the hearts of the ministers, and the bishop, who is now a well-known figure in these parts. Throughout the neighbourhood, but chiefly in Stichill and Kelso, there are men and women forsaking the churches and joining the sect known as the Quakers. Stichill had the most of those who were of this new way, but the foremost man of the

company was Charles Ormiston of Kelso. This worthy man refused to ask baptism for his child, whereupon his wife and his brothers approached the Presbytery, asking that the rite should be administered and promising to take the necessary vows. Efforts were made to convince Ormiston of the error of his ways; but these proving vain he was at last summoned before the Presbytery. He compeared with his head covered, and being asked if he observed the ordinances answered, "I confess I have not been in this house these eight weeks, or thereby." But the arguments and persuasions of the Presbytery failed to move him, and finally his case was referred to the Bishop and the Archbishop who, unto this day, have not intimated their decision.

The people were still superstitious. Instead of the constable, one man consulted a witch at Berwick to find the thief who had robbed him of some sacks of corn. Another, in a similar difficulty, consulted an astrologer at Haddington. Another reported that he had seen an old woman, a villager, change herself into a cat. At the time, she was in a field sitting on a bunch of pease straw. Pressed on the subject, he said it was growing dark at the time, and that he might have been mistaken!

Robert Young died in April 1668 and was

followed by Adam Peacock. Adam was a Kelso man; but the Presbytery did not lessen his trials on that account. His examination for license lasted two days. A year later, when his presentation to the parish had "past the seales," the Presbytery examined him again with renewed vigour. They asked him to write an exercise and addition dealing with the original Greek text, a popular sermon, and also a Latin sermon called a commonhead, "de Versione Sanctæ Scripturæ." In Hebrew they examined him in Psalm v., in the whole of the Greek Testament, in chronology and in theology, besides asking him to expound certain difficult passages of Scripture. After the trials, which differ little from those of modern days, he was referred to the Archbishop for ordination.

The sympathies of the people were still with the Covenant, with the deposed minister who still lived in the neighbourhood, and with the elders who had been turned out with scant ceremony. They said little, however, and ventured nothing and thus escaped a visit from Claverhouse, who was writing his name in blood in other districts. When news came of the Battle of Bothwell Brig it was easy to see where the hearts of the people lay. It is a far cry to Bothwell Brig, yet the whole neighbourhood was thrown into commotion by the news. The people met to talk over the great

event and all that it portended; and for a time the ordinary affairs of life, including the meeting of Presbytery, were postponed until the excitement had died down.

Much work of the quiet useful kind was done in those years. A contribution of money was given to help to pay the ransom of a man who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Turk! Collections were also given for the repair of bridges, here and there, from Port-Patrick to the River Ness. It is pleasing also to record that a collection was made in all the churches for the bridge at Ednam, and for a villager whose house had been burned.

Church and manse in Mr Peacock's time were falling into a ruinous condition, and as the heritors did nothing the Archbishop had the law on them. He set the Presbytery in motion by a letter which begins "Arthur, by the mercie of God, Archbishop of Glasgow to our lovits, greeting." He ordered them to summon the heritors and to point out to them their duty, and further to "designate" grass for the grazing of the minister's cow. The heritors met—the Earl of Hume, the Laird of Ednam, Sir Alex. Don and James Falay of Spittle. As titular, Lord Hume promised to roof the Queir; and the others agreed, after long consultation, to expend 300 merks on the repair of the manse.

In 1683, William Speed, M.A., was settled in succession to Mr Peacock who had been translated to Morebattle. He was the third minister of the parish presented by Charles II. and was instituted in true episcopal style. There was a sermon at the induction, and after Mr Speed had been exhorted to faithfulness, the presiding minister presented him with the Kirk Bible and the Kirk door key. According to legal formality he then took instruments in the hands of a Kelso writer whom he had brought with him, and thereafter the Bishop and heritors took him by the hand. Service ended, he was formally led to the glebe and manse and there in presence of witnesses, by gift of earth and stone, was put in possession. On the same day a valuation of the manse was made by tradesmen who had been summoned for the purpose. By their report, the thatch of the manse was worth 100 merks, the wood-work, with glass, was worth £400 Scots, and the mason work £30 sterling.

The years of Mr Speed's ministry were troubled, but they were few. The complaint of the time was that people would not "keep the kirk" and every minister had his list of nonconforming parishioners whom he called "disorderly persons." As with other Bishop's men, his troubles came to a height in 1688 when William and Mary came

to the throne; and although he was not "rabbled" out of his manse and parish, he understood the signs of the times, and quietly withdrew at his own convenience to Ayton, where he ended his days.

This happened, probably in 1690, and for two years there was no minister for the parish. By the Act of 1690 the church became Presbyterian again, and recalling to their parishes those ministers who had been ejected because of their Presbyterianism, Parliament declared that they alone were the ministers of the Church in Scotland. Of these there were about sixty who still survived and on these men rested the care of all the parishes. For a time Kelso Presbytery was joined to that of Jedburgh, probably to make sure of the quorum required for the transaction of business. There were only three ministers in all the Presbytery of Kelso, and one of the vacant parishes was that of Ednam. There were nine elders of the old Covenanting sort, however, and they with a happening visit from one of the ministers in the neighbourhood carried on the religious work of the parish.

At a Presbytery meeting in Jedburgh in April 1691, some of the brethren reported very favourably on a divinity student, Thomas Thomson by name, who came from Ednam and was a son of

the Laird's gardener. This student desired license, and his trials were at once prescribed. He was asked to write a homily on the text 1 John iii. 3. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure." When the homily was approved he had "a commonhead" to write on the subject "De meritis bonorum operum." Thereafter followed a popular sermon on Phil. ii. 12: "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." When the discourses were approved he then "disputed," and answered to the satisfaction of the brethren in theology and Greek, and was licensed to preach.

After a year Mr Thomson received a call from his native parish, and, twenty days later, a second call from Castleton. The Presbytery were not satisfied with the Castleton call, and having sent it back to be made more harmonious, they heard no more about it. The Presbytery waited only ten days on the Castleton call, however, as on June 30th Mr Thomson's trials for ordination were sustained and two presbyters appointed to serve the edict in Ednam. Mr Semple and Mr Noble were the ministers appointed to do this duty, failing Mr Boyd of Linton whose turn it was; and on July 12th, 1692, Mr Thomson was ordained.

Other ministers present at the ordination were John Dysart, Wm. Brown, and Wm. Berdan, an English clergyman.

The Presbytery made a visitation of the parish in 1693 and gave orders for the repair of the Manse and Church. The tradesmen reported that with the timber already prepared, 350 merks would put the manse in good repair. "The wall of the east end of the manse is to be made equal with the west wall; and the two clay chimneys, one in the east gavel and another in the side are to be made two stone chimneys, both in the east gavel, together with three windows and eight couples, with joists conform. Raising the old loft and laying a new one, and theeking together with all other necessaries, will make it a sufficient manse. As for the church, 20/- for mason work, and 40/- stg. for securing the lofts and mending the seats and doors will make it sufficient; and they to furnish all things for themselves by and attour the theeking and £16 Scots for glazing and wiring the windows. As for the Queer, the Presbytery could not meddle with it, though they judge it necessary that it should be helped."

This paragraph from the Presbytery Records affords a glimpse of the house in which the minister's poet son was by and bye to be born. The Queer was "helped" by the Laird and the

Church too, although two years passed before the tradesmen's estimates were sent in and considered.

A rapscallion called Moor, one of the Laird's grooms, caused the young minister great annoyance by alleging that he had ridden one of his master's horses too far and too fast, to its serious damage. The charge, a false one, was repeated in foul language of great variety, and not until the case was put into the Sheriff's hands could the man be silenced.

The minister's greatest trouble was with the people of Bangoswalls, a farm between Harpertown and the Eccles border. They said they were in Eccles parish, and notwithstanding the warnings and injunctions of the Presbytery to keep the kirk at Ednam, they wandered everywhere but to the true fold. One of them, Jo. Turnbull, called in an Episcopal minister to baptise his child and was promptly summoned to appear before the Presbytery. The presbytery-officer complained, however, that on presenting the summons Turnbull "beat him and shed his blood and curst and swore."

A call to Southdean was presented to Mr Thomson, Alex. Coldane, minister at Oxnam, Tho. Oliver of Ashtrees, and A^w. Oliver of Barnkine appearing to prosecute the call. On October 29th Mr Thomson received his waygoing

certificate and with his family, the youngest a child of two months, passed into the Southdean story.

Not until February 1702 was there another minister ordained and settled in the parish. The Laird's choice was Mr Wm. Baxter; the Dons favoured Mr David Graham, while the Kirk Session had a man of their own. Fortunately the Laird was allowed to have his way, and, but for some visitations of the Presbytery anent the repairing of the manse there was peace. Scarborough, as a watering-place, was known even in those days and one of the meetings was postponed as the Laird had not returned from "Scarsbrough Wells."

Mr Baxter was translated to Sprouston in 1722, and in the following year was succeeded by Thomas Pollock, a Paisley man, who had graduated in Glasgow. He came on the presentation of the King but he was a stranger, and Lairds Edmondstoune and Don, resenting any patronage but their own, would have none of him. Their agent, James Winram, Sheriff Clerk of Berwick, demanded a sight of the King's presentation to assure himself as to the seal; then taking courage he denied the validity of the document and declared that the right of appointing a minister had fallen to the Presbytery. He failed to convince

the Presbytery, and on an appeal to the Synod he failed a second time. But it all came right. The presentation was produced and found to be a model of its kind and the young minister, who lived to grow old amongst his people, was found to be a model of his kind too.

At this time patronage was resented in many parishes, notably in Morebattle. The Duke of Roxburghe issued his presentation to that parish in favour of a Mr Christie. At a Presbytery meeting in Morebattle the Duke's factor laid this presentation on the table, and in a moment there was uproar loud and long enough to stop all business for that day. Elders and people had set their hearts on a Mr Tait and such stubborn churchmen were they that not until eighteen months later did the Presbytery venture back to their portion of the vineyard. March 4th, 1725, was fixed for Mr Christie's ordination and Mr Pollock was appointed to conduct the service. Arrived at the church the Presbytery found a great and enthusiastic congregation awaiting them. It was a little too crowded, perhaps, and as there was not even standing room for the ministers they began their service in the churchyard. Mr Pollock gave out the psalm and long ere the singing was ended the congregation, deeply interested, had left the building and had gathered round the

presbyters. With the last note the crowd closed in on them and they were hustled out of the churchyard, Mr Pollock faring worst of all. The ringleader in the tumult was Rab of Bowmont, a well-known character, who was not an elder, and who until that day was not supposed to take special interest in the church. Driven out of Morebattle, the Presbytery met an hour later at Linton and completed the service which had been so rudely interrupted.

Mr Pollock had trouble with the Lairds about that right belonging to parish ministers known as "The Minister's Grass," the right to the grazing of a horse and two cows. When Mr Pollock was first settled he grazed his horse, day about, on the five farms of Sir Alex. Don. One of his cows was grazed on the Ednam lands while the second was sent to the Hendersyde pastures. This had been the custom from a time immemorial. Laird Ormiston of Hendersyde was the first to tire of the old custom and in lieu of his grazing rights it was agreed, with the consent of the other two heritors, to give the minister the annual sum of £20 Scots, equal to £1 16s. 8d. in sterling money. It was a bad bargain for the living, and yet, poor as it was, it was not fulfilled. The stent was apportioned according to the valuation roll of the day which placed Laird Edmondstoune's lands

at £3,380, Sir A. Don's at £2,173 6s. 8d., and Laird Charles Ormiston's at £1,426 13s. 4d. In the apportionment of the stent in this matter of the minister's grass there was some dispute, however, and for three years the money was not paid. Mr Pollock complained to the Presbytery, and in asking them to settle the question and designate his grass he boldly declared that the whole parish was Kirk Land! There were many meetings to discuss the subject with the heritors, and at the end of eight months the decision was given that the old day-about arrangement must be continued.

The standard of comfort in manses was visibly rising in Mr Pollock's time. It was low enough in Sprouston where the factor declined to plaster the kitchen and two of the rooms. He declined also to lay the kitchen floor with flags, assuring the minister that it was unnecessary and expensive, and that a good clay floor was a very good thing. He refused to do anything to drain off the water from the kitchen floor. Mr Pollock was far beyond clay floors and unplastered rooms, and had even come to shutters, having persuaded the factor to give him "darkning broads for the laigh wester room." But he must have been a man of advanced ideas as, despite the darkning broads and flagged kitchen and other luxuries, he persuaded the Presbytery to condemn both manse and church.

He persuaded the heritors too, and it was agreed that there should be a new manse and a new church on a new site.

A song says "Clout the auld the new is dear," and on second thoughts the heritors did not build a new manse but simply "clouted" the old. The church was too far gone for "clouting." It was in a ruinous state and the Presbytery ordered a new church to be built on the old site. The dimensions were also specified and as there were 300 examinable persons in the parish it was to be 45 feet long and 27 feet wide, with walls 15 feet high. But the heritors did not see eye to eye with the Presbytery, and although both sides pulled well they did not pull together. The heritors appealed to the Court of Session on the question of the site and won the day. It was to be a new site, and when the estimates were given out it was for a church 40 feet by 22 feet with walls 10 feet high. The work went on, grudgingly. Sir A. Don and Mr Ormiston thought that the old stones should be used in the new building: Mr Edmondstoune thought that any stones were good enough. It was built in 1759 between Cliftonhill and the village, on the field overlooking the Eden. It was cheap—£163—but it did not last long. Mr Pollock was long Clerk of the Presbytery and died in 1764.

Mr David Dickson, next in line, was ordained in March 1765, and three months later was appointed Clerk of the Presbytery. The feature of his clerkship is the amazing capital letters with which he began his minutes. With its graceful twistings and twinings, each is a work of art worthy one of the old artist monks who transcribed manuscripts and adorned church missals.

The Presbytery visited the parish in 1772 to look into all matters relating to the stipend. It was found that by Decreet dated 18th December 1661 the stipend was fixed at 1,200 merks Scots and 50 merks for Communion Elements, amounting to £69 8s. 10d. Of this sum Sir A. Don paid £25 stg. and Captain Wm. Dickson of Ednam paid £44 8s. 10d. stg. The glebe lying "to the west of the great road leading to the Merse and bounded by a wall on the south" was found to be the size, although the minimum, required by law. The Presbytery found, however, that the minister received "by far too little" for the grass of his horse and two cows, which at that time was £0 16s. 8d. from Ednam £0 10s. 0d. from Hendersyde and £0 15s. 0d. from Newton Don. They also feared that in time this sum may be regarded as the fair and final settlement and that thereby he would lose his right to the actual grazing of his horse and cows. They resolved to fight the

minister's battle there and then, but on the request of Mr Dickson they delayed to a more convenient season. The delay still continues.

Mr Dickson wrote an account of the parish for Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland. The Kaim at Kaimflat seems to have puzzled him sorely as he gives it as his opinion that it is artificial and that it was raised for purposes of defence.

In those days the Presbytery exercised its superintendence over ministers in the form known as Privy Censures. At the meeting on the day appointed for the Privy Censures one of the brethren was asked to retire. In his absence the others talked over his life and conduct and methods, not forgetting the gossip favourable or unfavourable that had reached them. He was then called in and if there was nothing censurable he was "approved and encouraged to go on in the work of the Lord." One by one the brethren were removed: one by one they were discussed in regard to life and conduct, and one by one they were encouraged to go on in the work of the Lord.

Mr Dickson was Clerk to the Presbytery for eleven years, but after the days of his clerkship he was rarely at a meeting, and never during the last thirteen years of his ministry. In view of the Privy Censures where all slackness was sternly

rebuked, it may be inferred that he was long an invalid. He was never married and died in 1795.

Mr Dickson died in June and shortly thereafter a presentation was issued by the King, George III., in favour of Mr Robert Robertson. But he was in no haste to be settled. The presentation was issued in July, but not until October was it laid before the Presbytery, and not until the following March was he inducted.

Mr Robertson had been a student within the bounds and had been licensed by Kelso Presbytery in 1772. In 1773 he was called and ordained as minister of the Presbyterian Church situated in the Pottergate, Alnwick, and in that charge he continued for three and twenty years.

The feature of this time was the energy with which the Presbytery devoted itself to the education of the young. Since the days of John Knox the ministers had the supervision and control of all parish schools. The heritors appointed the schoolmaster but not until he had been examined by the Presbytery could he enter on the duties of his office. He had to sign the Confession of Faith, and in the days of the Covenant he had to appear and sign the Covenant. Although the Presbytery had the supervision of schools all the time, never did school affairs bulk so largely as in Mr Robertson's time. There was always either

a committee being appointed to examine a school, or a committee giving in its report, or a field day in which all the schoolmasters were had up in review.

Those were the days, too, when the scandal of the Coldstream weddings was at its worst. Some men in this Border town were always willing, for a trifle, to put any runaway couple through the form of an irregular marriage. One of them was a man Sawyer who gave himself out as the Presbyterian minister of Crookham. But he was not known in Crookham. Another was William Dickson, but most notorious of all was John Rutherford, the blacksmith, whose door was always open, who said no prayers, whose wife was ready as a witness, and to whom the runaways flocked. Marriage-lines were given. In one case, at least, these "lines" are as large as a hand-bill, 13 inches long by 8¼ broad, and are headed by the Royal Arms and the words in large letters "Kingdom of Scotland. Coldstream Bridge. Parish of Coldstream." Also in bold type the blacksmith gives his assurance that the runaways have been married "agreeably to the laws of Scotland, and after the manner of the laws of the Church of England!" A report given to the Synod in April 1805 gives an idea of the number of these marriages in this district. "Since 1801 five had

been reported to, and dealt with by, the Eckford Kirk Session; twenty-two by the Coldstream Kirk Session and upwards of forty by the Kelso Kirk Session." As if these figures were not sufficiently appalling the report continues that "there is reason to believe that besides these there are many other persons have been irregularly married who have not yet appeared before their respective sessions."

Mr Robertson's heart was fluttered for a time with the hope that the Assembly was about to obtain for him an augmentation of stipend. Meetings of Presbytery were held to consider the question, and a statement showing the stipend to be £111 2s. 2d. was certified and despatched to the Assembly's Committee, and although an Exchequer Grant came, it was not at this time.

The church, built in 1759, was now "neither wind nor water tight;" and in February 1802 the heritors resolved to build a new church on the old site. A Kelso joiner, Robertson, drew the plans and superintended the workmen; and a fairly good job he made of it as it served its purpose for a hundred years.

Mr Robertson was a widower when he came to the parish, and had a son and daughter. Twenty-three years in Alnwick and twenty-three in Ednam, he died in March 1819 in the 77th year of his age.

On the presentation of the Prince Regent,

Joseph Thomson, son of the Jedburgh Town-Clerk, was ordained in August 1819. The Presbytery were then entering on troubled times, but with the hour had come the man. Mr Thomson was appointed Presbytery Clerk and at once found himself in the thick of a libel case in which the Roxburgh schoolmaster was the defender. The Roxburgh case had not been long settled when, owing to a *fama clamosa*, it was found necessary to libel one of the members of Presbytery. This case was exceptionally troublesome and dragged on to an unconscionable length, beginning in February 1827, and ending in a unanimous verdict of "not proven" in October 1831. There were troubles, too, in the appointment of a schoolmaster for Sprouston which had to be discussed on the floor of the General Assembly.

During the ten years' conflict which ended in the Disruption of 1843, Mr Thomson was foremost in all the debates about Patronage and the Veto Act. With his clear head and his firm grasp of principles he was able to stiffen the backs of his brethren, so that in the day of the Secession only Horatius Bonar of the North Church and Craig of Sprouston went out.

In 1833 a new manse was built for him. According to the architect's report, the walls of the manse had been built with clay and in work-

manship were inferior to a dry stone dyke. There were four rooms with fire-places; but in the best of them the ceiling was only seven feet higher than the floor. The surface of the ground outside was higher than the floors inside, and owing to the want of lathing the rooms were damp. From ground-floor to garret the manse was declared to be "ripe for condemnation" and accordingly a new manse was built which, with additions and alterations, remains to this day.

Mr Thomson was translated to Morebattle in 1844, but his best days were done. He made no great impression on his new parish, and indeed for a large part of his time in it he was an invalid. "They were just airing him when I came to Morebattle," said a parishioner. He meant that he was being driven about as an invalid in his pony carriage.

There is a volume of his sermons in print and an account of the parish contributed to the New Statistical Account, so that his voice and his message continue to this day.

In 1823 Mr Thomson married Margaret daughter of the Rev. Thomas Hardie of Ashkirk, who died in 1844. In 1848 he married Elizabeth Robson who survived him. He died in 1855.

Mr William Lamb, next in the apostolic succession, was settled in 1844. He was singularly

gentle in his manner and methodical in his ways. He was Clerk of Presbytery and in his early days the time of the Presbytery was much taken up with motions and counter-motions on the affairs of the State. Petitions to Parliament were common for they thought it their duty not only to mind their own business but also that of the Civil Magistrate. This was not Mr Lamb's way, but while the brethren debated he took notes, and as their Clerk served them faithfully from his first days as a minister till his last.

One of the ministers showed up well on the ordination day. As usual the task of preaching and ordaining was entrusted to one of the brethren. The day of the ordination arrived in due course, and the hour and the presentee and the Presbytery and the congregation, but not the minister appointed to officiate. One half-hour passed and as still he did not appear Mr Bromfield of Sprouston entered the pulpit; and with none of the special preparation needed for such an occasion he conducted the service with all the dignity of a bishop. Near the end of the service the minister of Kelso came leisurely into the church bringing an apology from the absent brother. But no apology was needed at that stage!

Mr Lamb was a botanist; but his great delight

was the butterfly tribes. He hunted many a butterfly in his day and many an unsuspecting moth was lured by him to death and glory, which in this case means a place in his extensive collection of moths and butterflies. Stories are told of revellers startled at sight of a figure, lantern in hand, moving suspiciously among the great churchyard elms. It is "twal o'clock" or the wee hour ayont the twal' and they are not seeing well. Is it an evil spirit or a resurrectionist? It is only the minister searching for night moths. At the darkening he had smeared patches of the elm tree bark with treacle, and now at the dead hour he has come to gather his victims.

Mr Lamb married Christian McDougall Yair, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Yair in 1869, and had four sons and two daughters. Walter, eldest of the sons became minister first of Kirkwall, then of Lauder, and after a few brief years of rare promise he died.

Mr Lamb died in August 1877.

Most of the ministers lie here in the churchyard but, with three exceptions, there is no epitaph or even stone to mark their last resting places. Each of the company having "served his own generation by the will of God," they all "fell on sleep" and now they lie in nameless graves. But if there is ever to be an epitaph in which their work is to

be described and acknowledged, it might be in these words:—

> They builded better than they knew
> The ordered stones in beauty grew.

Latest in the succession is John Burleigh who hails from Glasgow, the place of his birth and his upbringing. He is the son of a man who gave up a business career that he might study for the Church, one who, although it had long been his ambition to be a minister had not ventured to the University until after his marriage, and who died within a few days of the realization of his dream.

Mr Burleigh was educated at Glasgow University, obtaining a small share of the Bursaries and Prizes. He was licensed in June 1877, and was Assistant to Dr. W. W. Tulloch in Maxwell Parish, Glasgow. Ordained in March 1878, he married Agnes Ann Henderson, daughter of Thomas Henderson, farmer at Boon and afterwards at Shidlaw, and has two sons, John and Thomas.

In 1902, Mr Burleigh re-modelled and improved the church at a cost of £900, and saw the churchyard doubled in size in 1906. He was chosen Clerk of the Presbytery of Kelso in 1900, Comptroller of the Synod Club in 1905, and Clerk of the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale in 1911.

In the summer of 1882, on the eve of the Egyptian war, he acted for a time as Chaplain to the Forces in Portsmouth, ministering to a battalion of the Black Watch and to the Gordon Highlanders who, with Col. White, V.C., hero later on of Ladysmith, were newly home from Majuba.

Many times, too, has Mr Burleigh acted as the Church's Deputy to the Fisher Folk in the Hebrides.

He is a member of many societies, and clubs of various sorts—amongst them the Kelso Curling Club of which he is the Chaplain and a player of the game who finds himself, occasionally, one of the rink winning the Hendersyde medals. He also travelled far and wide, and what he saw in summer in winter he told in school-room lectures.

For a time Mr Burleigh was Chairman of the Parish Council and a Justice of the Peace. He was also Chairman of the School Board, and it was during his Chairmanship that the Board adopted the go-ahead policy which caused some talk in the countryside. It was in this time that Practical Dairying was made one of the school subjects, and that the Ednam Board became the first and only Board in Scotland to buy and possess a cow! And it was in this time, too, that the parishioners were finally persuaded to go forward to the building of the new school.

Of his literary work there is little to tell, but now and again some article of his finds its way into print; and, of course, he is the author of this book.

These are chronicles, most of them, of his "diversions" from the calling which has brought him to Ednam. After all, the first things for him are the concerns of the Church. Deeply interested in the Foreign Missions of his Church, in the Decembers of 1893 and 1894 he lectured in the neighbouring parishes first on African Missions and then on Indian Missions. From Morebattle to Eccles, from Makerstoun to Yetholm, he wandered with his lecture and his lantern, night after night, from Monday until Friday, until all the parishes in the Presbytery had been visited and had heard his story. Interested, too, in Jewish Missions, he visited the Missions in Constantinople and Smyrna, Salonika and Damascus, and many other cities in the East. He is also a member of the Hymn Committee and has been since the days of Dr. Boyd, and the first thoughts of the Hymnary.

There is work that is still nearer the centre. Of that work all that may be said is that "the day will declare."

CHAPTER V.

The Schoolmasters.

THERE has doubtless been a school and a schoolmaster in Ednam since the days of John Knox; but there is no writing to tell of either the one or the other during the first sixty years after the Reformation. The first of the schoolmasters whose name can still be traced was Robert Brown. He was appointed to his honourable office in 1620 and appeared before Kelso Presbytery, bringing with him a certificate which testified that he had exercised publicly and privately before the Presbytery of Chirnside, and had been approven by them. The exercise was not, of course, of the gymnastic kind but was a display of his power to read and expound the Bible, and also of his gifts in prayer. And the Presbytery did well to be careful. The school was opened every day with a prayer as long as the minister's in the public worship of the church; and everywhere the Bible was the reading book used for instruction in morals, as well as in

English. In a very real sense the schoolmaster was the children's minister.

Notwithstanding the certificate, Brown was exercised a second time in Kelso. This frequent handling by the Presbytery left its mark on the schoolmaster. Usually he put on the ministerial tone and cultivated the severe look and ponderous manner which is often associated with the clergy. But if ever this tone and manner are justified, the schoolmasters were entitled to use them. Approved by a Presbytery the schoolmaster became an ecclesiastical personage. In church he occupied a position second in altitude to that of the minister, as, amongst his other duties was that of precentor. In the churchyard he stood at the minister's right hand, and holding the office of gravedigger, as in some instances, he performed the last services for the dead. He was also Presbytery elder and evidently took his full share of the work, as on two occasions at least, a schoolmaster was elected Clerk of Presbytery. He was always Session-Clerk, and as deeply implicated in the work of the Church as the minister himself.

But the schoolmaster was as closely in touch with the world as with the Church. He knew everything and everybody. The heritors were his paymasters and to them he was beholden for the new thatch, or window, or door, that was to make

his dwelling wind and water-tight. His ears were as long as the parish, but although he knew everything and everybody he was always as discreet as a policeman. Well did he act his part, and there is no one to whom Scottish people look back with greater affection or more gratitude than "the old parochial." He came in with the Reformation, and was one of the best gifts of that fruitful time.

When Brown was settled the Church was under the Episcopal form of government, and so continued until the year of the Solemn League and Covenant. In that year he disappears, having probably been driven out with his minister and the old order.

It was George Robson who, in 1639, was appointed to the office. He was a native; but his trials by the Presbytery were none the less on that account. In his case there was a test which was now heard of for the first time. He had to sign the Covenant. Of course this was required of all who claimed a place in the Presbyterian Church, either as minister or elder, beadle or schoolmaster. "Let every man's mind be speedily known" was the word that was passed round the Presbyteries, with the warning thrown in that they must sign or suffer. The people signed willingly, but if there were "recusants" amongst the ministers or the schoolmasters, their places could easily be filled.

Robson was a Covenanter of the most unbending sort. A theologian too, who was not easily silenced. Crossing in the Sprouston ferry-boat on one occasion he entered into debate with his fellow-passengers on the question of the "Man of Sin." The debate became a wrangle and so high and bitter were the words that the affair was reported to the Presbytery and dealt with by them.

In 1681 the fervour of the high Covenanting times had died away and the famous Test Act appeared. It declared the King to be supreme over everything and everybody in Church and State, and it had to be signed. Robson was one of many who refused to sign, and, as a consequence, was deprived of his office. He is last seen at this heroic moment, taking his stand for his faith and his liberty.

In 1682, John Hood appeared before the Presbytery seeking the vacant offices of school-master and precentor. He was not afraid of tests. Come one, come all, he is ready for them and especially those which needed no more than the signing of his name. For some reason the Presbytery thought him an undesirable person, but appointed him until they had time to look round and find a better man.

Hood held office for eighteen months and was followed by Alexander McPherson in 1683. Many

signed the Test Act that day when he was appointed of whom some were schoolmasters; others were doctors, the name given to schoolmasters' assistants; and others were governors, the name given to probationers, who passed their time of waiting for a church as tutors in the families of the landed proprietors. It is strange that so many should now only be forming up into line, seeing that two years had passed since the passing of the Act. It may be that they were all newly appointed, taking the place of better men, or that they were the awkward squad whose consciences had been a little difficult to manage.

In 1700 the office was again vacant, and was filled by the appointment of John Johnston. The change which has come over the church is great and no one feels it sooner than the schoolmaster. For a century each of them as he comes up, smiling, is tested in some new way; and each new test marks the time and season through which the Church is passing. The Covenant, which stands for so much passion, and the Test Act, which stands for so much intrigue, have each in its day been laid on the Presbytery table and signed. When Johnston appeared the test had again been changed. However much the Covenant was in their thoughts, the word was not on their lips; and as for the Test Act, it was dead and buried as a

shameful thing. It was now the Westminster Confession of Faith; and just as stern were the ministers in the matter of the Confession as they had been about the Covenant itself. "Let every man's mind be speedily known," was the old order of the day; while now they were "enjoined to read the Confession, and seriously to consider if they be clear to subscribe the same as the Confession of their Faith."

Next in the line was Andrew Slater who signed the Confession and was appointed in 1704. He had a long and peaceful time. There was no beating of the drum ecclesiastic in his day, nor conflicts, nor change of standards and creeds. The storm had spent itself, and things were settling down to a long spell of "moderate" weather. In those quiet times the schoolmasters looked into matters of a more personal kind, and everywhere they were busy trying to put their pecuniary affairs on a more satisfactory basis, in short to "raise their celery." A report on schoolmasters' salaries in the neighbourhood showed that 100 merks a year was considered a fair living wage for a schoolmaster. Some had more and others, amongst them Slater, had less. But Slater rested not, neither did the heritors, till he got the full hundred!

The next schoolmaster was James Inglis who appeared in 1748. The storm centre which, last

century, had been in the Church was now in the State. Bonnie Prince Charlie had excited the Scottish people as much as the Covenant itself, and the question of the hour was "under which King?" The qualification now was that of allegiance to King George. Schoolmasters must all "qualify to Government," as they called it, which meant taking the oath of allegiance to "the wee wee German lairdie." It would seem that some were not very sincere in their loyalty although they had qualified to Government. Fortunately, their disloyalty did not take any violent form; but in their morning prayer it was noticed that "the maister" no longer had a petition for the King. This was soon set right, however, and in 1749 it was reported in the Presbytery that all the schoolmasters were praying publicly for King George.

The schoolmaster's duties in those days began early and ended late. The school door was opened shortly after six in the morning, and school work began at seven. It went on from seven till nine, then from ten till twelve, and in the afternoon from one till five. And the work was supposed to go on steadily all the time. One poor man had been seen delving his garden during school hours on one occasion; and on another he had been seen following his bees down the haugh, when, by the time table he ought to have been

among his boys. As the case was serious it was reported to the Presbytery and he had to submit to a severe rebuke.

They were good men and true, those schoolmasters, and worthy of the awe in which they were held. High as they were, however, they were only human; and to err is human. The teacher who was next to follow in the succession was the living proof that even a schoolmaster can go wrong like another. James Weir was a poor teacher; but if the libel could be proved which the heritors brought against him, then he was a pattern of all the vices. He was "a frequenter of taverns and ale houses, by night as well as by day," said the libel, and was guilty of "drunkenness, fraud, and forgery." After a heritors' meeting where, strangely enough, they had stuffed his pockets with bank-notes, he had gone to an ale-house and forthwith had proceeded to intoxicate himself. He was soon on the floor in a helpless state and was found there by one who had been at the meeting, and knew the amount of money he had received. This person discovered by some means that there were ten pounds amissing and after search had been made, it was found that there were two five pound notes under the grate in which, fortunately, there was no fire. It was a queer story; but as this was only one of many, people felt it was

time for him to go. Weir was himself among the number and rather than meet the libel he sent in his resignation, which was accepted in the last month of 1799.

The advertisement which followed this resignation enumerates the qualities, moral, mental and scholastic, which were expected in the new schoolmaster. He was to be a man of sobriety and diligence and able to teach the principles of the Christian religion. He was to be able to teach "English grammatically, in addition to arithmetic in all its branches: also to teach church music and to precent in the church." It was James Watson who met all these specifications, and after qualifying to Government and signing the Confession, he was inducted to the office with all its sacred and secular duties. Watson had come but not to stay. In 1804 he too resigned having been appointed to the school in Selkirk.

In December of 1804 he was succeeded by Charles Fairbairn, teacher in Maxwellheugh school. The new schoolmaster was just in time for "Barring-out Day" which falls on the 22nd December. Long before the light on that day the boys steal quietly in to school, the doors having been left unlocked by the connivance of "the Maister." When "the Maister" is due, the doors are all locked and barricaded, and great is the

howl of exultation when he arrives and tries door after door in vain. He looks in on his dear boys through the window, threatening them with the tawse; they look out and drown his words with their Bedlam shouts: he shakes his fist at them and they shake their fists at him. And so the play goes on—this Saturnalia in the life of the schoolboy—until at last "the Maister" promises them a holiday. Then the doors are opened and law and order return to reign.

The next great time is the first Monday of the year known as Handsel Monday. On that day the scholars, great and small, bring each a gift to the Maister. The boy bringing the greatest gift is called the King and is made to sit on a chair, while the girl who has brought the greatest gift sits on a chair by his side and is called the Queen. Their royalty, which lasts till next Barring-Out-Day, showed itself there and then in granting a holiday and in announcing holidays, later on, as they came.

Another great time was Fastern's E'en when the boys brought each a fighting cock to school, and pitted them against each other, according to the rules of fair fight. Many were killed and many —known as "the fugies"—ran away; but fugie or slain they all belonged to the schoolmaster and found their way to his pot.

Fairbairn went to Stichill school and was succeeded by James Riddell from the parish of Castleton. The present school and schoolhouse were built for him in 1811, and as the laird gave a new site, he stipulated that he was to get the ground on which the old building had stood. The old school stood midway between the present school and the church, on ground which is now part of the farm steading.

Riddell was not a success, at least in his later years. Fishing in the Eden one day, Jamie Dickson was asked, "Why are you not at school?" "There's nae schule," he answered, "there's naebody there if I don't gang."

The schoolmaster was not without his romance. He loved a lady of high degree—at least of degree higher than his own—who at the time was living in Ednam Cottage with her brother, a half-pay officer. This captain-brother suspected the ongoings, kept watch, and finally threatened to shoot Riddell if he persevered in his love-making. But what was to be expected when it was true love? Ed. Fairbairn—old Ned as he was afterwards known—hired a carriage and drove the couple down to Coldstream Bridge where they were married in Border style. The angry brother had still to be met, and so great was his wrath that a peacemaker was needed and was found in Purves

of Purveshall. There was then peace but there was little honour and, unfortunately, no dowry.

Riddell brought his wife home to the schoolhouse and begat sons and daughters, Vanbrugh, Dalrymple and many others.

It is not expected of a man of romantic turn that he will manage well his financial affairs. Riddell was romantic; all his career is understood and explained by this fact. Lack of funds was a complaint that was chronic from a time long before his marriage. His great misfortune was, however, that he had only one purse for heritors' money and his own; and as he spent very freely, he sometimes found that he had spent more than his own. Once he was deposed from his office as Heritors' Clerk, the books being handed over to the village innkeeper. This was only meant as a warning, for at next meeting of Heritors he was re-appointed. But warnings were of no account with him and the fault grew. It is pleasant to know that he scrambled out of his difficulties at the last.

Riddell resigned in 1834, and as a token that the end was peace, the Heritors granted him a pension of £12 a year.

John Gibson Smith, teacher in Kelso Friendly School was at once appointed to the vacant office. He was a poet and good fellow. A capable man,

too, with the tawse; who, on occasion, laid the bad boy on the desk and applied it vigorously to the "place by nature provided." Thus the toil among the children went on for thirty years; but he had always thoughts beyond Ednam, and, resigning in 1864, he went to New Zealand.

In that year David Pringle was appointed. Born at Lambden in the neighbouring parish of Greenlaw, he was one of a talented family who have all made their mark. His first years as schoolboy and teacher were all spent in Eccles school. Thereafter it was Edinburgh, where he went to teach writing and mathematics in a higher class school. During his time in Edinburgh he took classes in the University; but after a year or two he came to Ednam to leave it no more. He had the way with children; and such was his gift that he could make even the grammar hour pass as merrily as a kinderspiel. When after forty-one years of service he retired, there was a dinner in his honour and a presentation from his old scholars and friends.

The latest of the schoolmasters is George McDonald, a native of Caithness, who came in 1905. He had been a teacher in Caithness and in Tiree and came with a reputation for successful work especially in technical subjects. This reputation has been nobly maintained, and now the school

is known far and wide not only for its technical work but also for the new ideas which are here put to the proof in actual school life. Amongst the new ideas and ventures is the rendering of Shakespeare's plays—"The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth"—which, in the order named, have been performed by the children within the last three winters. His chief assistant in both schools had been his wife, who was an enthusiast in everything she undertook. Mrs McDonald was appointed assistant to her husband and the School Board, venturing out of the old paths, set her to teach all manner of technical subjects such as wood-carving, cookery and dairying. The only elementary school in which dairying was taught, Ednam School began to attract the notice of leaders in education, such as Lord Reay, who mentioned it in a debate in the House of Lords.

Too frail in body for a spirit so eager, Mrs McDonald died in 1909, leaving the work and the memory of a bright and strenuous life.

CHAPTER VI.

The People.

ROXBURGHSHIRE people may easily be distinguished from those of Ayrshire, and the people of the North Country from those of the South. It may be easy, too, to distinguish between the waters of the Yellow Sea and those of the Red Sea, when they are brought into a test tube or placed under a microscope. But the people of Ednam differ as little from those of the neighbouring parishes as one pailful of water differs from another which has been drawn from the same loch. They may be put into a test tube or brought under the microscope, but the variation is so slight that they may be regarded as a people one with their neighbours and indivisible — the good old Border Blend. They are all one flesh and blood, one body and spirit, one in accent and in ways.

But who are the people of Ednam? If the question refers to those now within its bounds there are five hundred of them; but if Ednam people are those who have been born in the parish

and have lived, say, thirty years in it they can all be counted on the fingers of one hand.

In the olden time a farmer rarely parted with a servant, but now change is the feature of the age and there is as much intercrossing as in an ant-hill. Servants change and are changed, often for small reason. One woman told with glee that she and her husband had gone out at the up-end of Lauder and settled on a farm on the shoulder of Soutra. Then they had gone over the hill and had passed from farm to farm through "the Lowdons," one year at each, until they came to Dunbar. Then they had passed from one service to another, from Dunbar to Berwick, and from Berwick to Coldstream, until at last they reached Harpertoun. She hoped to go on until she entered Lauder at the low-end, thus completing the circle. But her life was a broken arc. She never reached Lauder again and, dying, took here her everlasting rest.

The amount of changing is best understood at Whitsunday when those moving to another parish come to "lift their lines." On an average a fifth of the members on a Communion Roll lift their lines so that, practically, the population is changed once in five years.

The farmers are the rich men of the parish and, as the captains of industry, are people of the first

importance. Outsiders are not encouraged to enter their ranks although, now and then, a baker or draper or grocer has been known to join them and to do well. Very few of them fail to pay their way and if one does become bankrupt there is usually another reason than the weather. For one bankrupt there are two who retire with a competence, in addition to those who die with their flocks and herds around them. For those who love the open air and are content with moderate gains there is no more pleasant life; and yet of twelve farmers only seven are farmers' sons while five have come in from other ranks in life.

Farming pays well. With a capital, say, of £1,500 a man takes a farm. For his money invested in this way he gets a large house, built in a choice spot, in full sight of sunrise and sunset and evening star. He earns at least 3 per cent. on his capital and he and his are fed in no sparing style. He has all the delights of a garden, too, and a horse to ride to kirk and market and a lawn for their croquet, if he has daughters. He has to work hard; but what would all his labours on the land bring to him in weekly wage if he were only a servant and not the master? He often complains but he is not serious and if you are so minded as to laugh he will join with you in the laugh at his own expense.

A trusty man is the farm steward, deep in his master's counsels for he is paid not only to work but to think. He has a tongue that is as sharp as scorpions, but in the main he is a silent man. The workers have a great faith in him, one man remarking of his steward "Oor yin disna say much, but he's a beggar to think." One of these silent stewards had a master equally silent and deep in his ponderings; and it was a sight enjoyed by many to see these two men meet as they did, usually, every forenoon. As they approached one another each sought something to chew—by preference a straw. When they met they stood a yard or two apart, each chewing his straw and looking on the ground or, as it seemed, at the toe of his boot. Thus they stood five minutes, ten minutes, jerking a word now and again at one another — and then they parted. But they made much money between them.

There was that other steward with his great family of sons. After the day's work and all the care of the farm he was busy among his boys hearing them their lessons and, after a chapter out of the good Book, he sent them off to bed. In the morning he was first at the stable; but an hour before stable time he climbs the wooden stair and if it is winter time makes his way, candle in hand, into the boys' sleeping room. He wakes them

one by one and, sitting on the edge of the bed, makes them say their "spells" and go over their geography. The boys forgot many things but they never forgot those dark mornings and the kindly eager face of the old man as, with candle in one hand and book in the other, he put them through their questions. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." The old man was worthy to stand before kings but all his ambition was for his boys, and while they rose each to high position, he was content to live and die a farm-steward.

Than the ploughmen there is no finer body of working men in the country, and during the last thirty years all the standards by which they may be judged have been visibly rising. The standard of comfort has risen. Not so long ago their dwellings were poor shells, and when they "flitted" they carried with them not only the fireplace but even the deals that formed their ceiling. Now they are beautiful well-built cottages with at least three apartments. The standard of dress and manners is higher; and if the standard of education is not higher it is wider so that the children know a little of many subjects which were formerly unknown.

Until the eighties of last century ploughmen were paid by the boll wage. Under this form of

payment a man received 5 loads of meal (100 stones), 4 bolls of barley (24 bushels), 1 boll peas, 1,600 yards of potatoes in the drill, coals at station price, a cow's keep, £5 in money and of course a free house. Of potatoes they still get 1,600 yards and coals at station price and a free house; but as for the rest it is now a money wage. The change is a good one, especially for the wives, and yet many a time can the gentle regret be heard "Ah! we miss the coo!" With her household cares and her cow and her two pigs the wife had a busy time. From early morning till late she ran about working her feet as busily as "buittles," and unless she was robust she soon became "sair trauchled."

"The coo" is a great institution. A man resolved to marry and to marry a woman who could not manage a cow. His sister, who kept house for him, tried to dissuade him and when her efforts were proving vain, she exclaimed "Wha wad pit awa a guid coo for a wife?" One or two ploughmen at every farm have still the cow. In one house there was an invalid who, by doctor's orders, was to be fed on milk. A remark was made about the difficulty of obtaining milk at that special season of the year. "Oh! it's nae difficulty for us," said the father, "for ye see, we hae a coo within oorsels!"—an alarming statement

meaning they were of the favoured few who still had a cow.

Among shepherds was one, long since gone to his reward, who was a king among his kind. Carlyle was portraying him when he drew his picture of the Peasant Saint. He was a good man to his master and a good man to his Maker, the name with which he was wont to speak of God. He carried with him the atmosphere of high prophecy and in his presence the frivolous became serious and the scoffer silent. A man of prayer, he had a prayer meeting every Sunday evening in his little kitchen, and although the place was always full of people yet, looking back, the people are as nothing while his presence grows until it seems to fill the whole place. He had a wonderful gift of words and as he preached his eye kindled and blazed with the prophetic fires. Quaint, too, at times his imagination was allowed to take its way and many an illustration of his still serves to bring a kindly smile to the faces even of those who honour him.

The people have mostly that caution which is common to the Scottish race. When this trait is remembered, there is one of them who always heads the company in every remembrance and review of these cautious souls. His great word was, "Mak' nae rash voos!" And they are not

rash, even in their matrimony. "Who gives this woman away?" is a question well known on the other side of the Border. Nobody is given away in this parish; and nobody gives himself away. An old man, about to marry his third wife, came to the minister to ask him to perform the ceremony. The interview began with general topics but although the minister knew the purpose of the visit he gave the man no help in the making of his request. It had to come of course and at last it came, blurting, "A want the len' o' ye the morn's nicht at aucht o'clock." He was an old hand and with him there were no little jokes about tying the knot or going to "the halter." He does not give himself away: he "taks the lend o' the minister."

A marriage is usually a quiet affair when the principals happen to be widow or widower. One woman speaking to a neighbour said, "It's no to be a great gilravage, ye ken, for my son's a weeda'."

They display like caution in speaking of the state of their health. Fashionable people speak nowadays of being "fit" or "very fit" or even "fit as a fiddle" but our people do not boast in this way. When the health-question is asked one thinks himself sufficiently venturesome when he says, "I daurna compleen, thank you," while the

good woman, not so robust as she would like to be, says, "Oh! I'm creepin'!" Sometimes the answer is "I'm a wunner to mysel'," or, "I'm better as I've been," in which case they are saying more than they mean. "Never rax oot yer hand farther than ye can weel draw it back," said that "most immortal" man Bailie Jarvie, and faithfully is the advice followed. "I like it fu' weel, I daursay" is the highest form of praise that some permit themselves to use. There seems to be "the daur" on them as if some dread spirit were shaking an invisible fist at them and daring them to speak in terms of generous praise. Perhaps it is conscience, as it was in the case of the woman who spoke in rather halting terms of the nurse, one of the best of her kind, who had just nursed her through a most serious illness. Asked if she was pleased with the nurse she answered, "I daurna say onything again' the woman. I wad be tellin' a lee if I said onything again' her."

One of the farmers had a Lily of the Nile a pot plant which was one of the finest of its kind and of which he was very proud. He had fed the plant and nipped off buds that it might produce for him one glorious bloom. The plant did its duty and slowly unfolded one great lily which although a little less than the trumpet of

a gramaphone was yet large enough to put its owner into raptures. One day it was placed out in the open when, as it happened, one of his men passed looking carelessly for a moment at the flower. "It has a flooer," said he. "Yes indeed!" said the farmer, "it has a flower!" And then came the remark "Aye, aye! Yin's aye better than nane!"

No less cautious was the remark of the woman who had gone down to Eyemouth for a holiday. She stood on the pier watching the herring boats when, after passing inside the Hurcar Rocks, they sailed up the little bay and entered the harbour. The bay is a haven of a place, but although it is landlocked, there is mostly wind enough to bring the boats up in full sail even to the harbour walls. Beautiful is the sight to see them come sailing in with their full brown sails. The woman was touched with the beauty and showing signs of deep emotion she clapped her hands and cried "Be-yew-ti-ful! Be-yew-ti-ful!" and then as if she had said too much she added, hurriedly "i' the noo, onyway!"

The wit and wisdom of their forefathers is not allowed to die. "I hae nae broos o' the weather," some say, meaning that they have not confidence enough to venture on a prophecy. All are not so modest, and weather-forecasts are freely made by

the weather-wise and otherwise. "Mony haws, mony snaws" say some. "An ear' winter is a sair winter" has all the chances in its favour, as an early winter is hard on all who have to do with the land. There is a saying for February:—

February fill the dyke,
Either wi' black or white;
O fill it ere ye gae,
E'en tho' it be wi' bere strae.

meaning that if summerlike weather comes in that month there is certain to be a storm later on.

March has more than its share of these weather proverbs. "A peck o' March dust is worth its weight in gold" is one of the most familiar. "If March comes in like a lamb it goes out like a lion," some say. The converse is also maintained, or, as some put it "If March comes in like an adder it goes out like a peacock's tail." It is the merry ring time when the birds mate and begin nest-building:—

Upon the first o' Merch,
The craws begin to search.

All the year round, however, crows are as good as a weatherglass. For the end of the month the saying is, "When March begins to tire then sow through dub and mire." Nowadays, farmers are

content to finish their sowing by the middle of April; but when this saying was first used time was reckoned by the Old Style, when the end of March corresponded with our middle of April.

When the first days of April are very cold they are called "the borrowed days" or "the barren days."

March said to Aprahill,
D'ye see yon lambs upon yon hill?
If you lend me dayes three,
I'll do my best to mak' them dee.

Sometimes the rhyme runs,

March borrowed from April,
Three days and they were ill;
The first o' them was wind and weet,
The second was snaw and sleet,
The third day it was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees.

"Hairy Oubets" is the local name of a caterpillar seen in the harvest field. They love to lie hidden, and it is a sure sign of wind when they can be seen moving hastily hither and thither on the stooks.

"Rain at 7, not fine till 11; rain at 8 not fine till late," suits any time of the year. The general feeling about rain is that "it's a peety that dry

weather does onybody ony hairm." As the Parliamentary orator says, "I venture to think," when he is gravelled for lack of matter and is groping for a new idea, so the people have their phrases in like circumstances. They have prescribed remedies, let us say, for their sick friend and find that at the end of the treatment he is no better but rather worse. They will not confess that they have been mistaken in their nostrums, but with a puzzled look and a shake of the head will say "Aye! trouble's queer, ye ken." If the farmer has brought a friend into his steading "for to admire" he is certain at some point to say "Whaur there's stock there's brock." But there is a phrase which has all seasons for its own and all places. At bedsides of the sick, in farm steadings, in summer time and in winter may be heard the remark "There's aye a something," which is profound, illuminative, and above all has the merit of being true.

There are other phrases suitable for pauses in the narrative; but they are of a less important order. The goodwife draws breath by uttering the one word "Megstie." Some get breathing space by the frequent use of "as it were" in their story—an echo doubtless of the pulpit. One man used the phrase "as the saying is" so often that the habit became a disease. He rose up "as the

saying is," and sat down, "as the saying is" and did all the work, "as the saying is."

"He's an auld man that can read his ain fortune," is a long and sad experience uttering itself in a proverb. Encouragement lies in the saying "He's far ahint that canna follow." Contempt is the note of sayings such as "He's fond o' mutton wha licks whaur the yowe lies;" or, "He gangs aboot like a stickit thing." The stickit thing referred to is a sheep which has had its brain-pan pierced to relieve it of "watter in the heid" and for a time after the operation goes staggering about. The rebuke is jocular when a man's work is described as "Mair whustle than ploughed land." It is sometimes stern enough and no more is needed when the words are spoken "Yer back's a compliment." Homely wisdom expresses itself in homely ways when a mother says "Tatties never made a man but yin and the wind blew him awa'." From the henwife comes the saying, "A hen aye dees in yer debt." But the science of hens has taught them a knowledge of humans, expressed in such sayings as this—"She doesna aye flee when she flaffers her wings."

The man who makes a bargain wants more, usually, than he is offered and pressing his point will say, "Nae coup but ye get buit," meaning that no business will be done unless he gets some-

thing in addition. In spite of all protestation to the contrary they are still suspicious, saying, "There's aye some watter whaur the stirkie droons." "Tak' the guid o' yer claes in the best o' yer days," speaks to an extravagance not common among Scottish people. "Let the towe gang wi' the bucket" is also a counsel of extravagance, meaning that if the bucket is lost the rope is to be thrown after it. The voice of the canny Scot is heard in "Better lang something than see naething" which teaches a sparing use of the good things, that they may last longer. "Every craw thinks its ain craw the whitest," pokes fun at a mother's blindness, while "some folk, like tods' whalps, grow waur and waur" is more than fun.

"Wut in the heid" is a great thing with them. "Little wut in the heid gies muckle travel to the feet," says one proverb; while another has it that "They've little wut in the heid that licht the candle at the gleed," that is, at the fire. And yet it is possible to be too clever. Of the critical, fault-finding woman they will say "That yin has seen mair than she's eaten," which is not spoken in praise.

There was many a rhyme with which mothers kept their children merry, or crooned them to sleep if it was the cradle hour. These rhymes are not so common as in the olden time when, with fewer

toys, children were more beholden to the mother's wit for their amusement. When the child lay on her lap the mother would say,

John Smith o' Fala fine, can you shoe this horse o' mine?
Yes, indeed, and that I can, just as well as any man,
First you take a nail and then you take a hammer,
And then you knock knock, till ye knock it a' thegither.

and with the last words she clapped the soles of the little one's feet. If the child was sitting on her knee and in mood for a hobble she might say:—

Dance, dance, Davie Rae, and whistle, Geordie Young!
The sheep's head is in the pot an' ye'll get the tongue.

If by the quick jerking of arms and legs the mother sees it is a heave in the air the child wants she says,

Up chick naigie! and buy wheat breid;
The king's comin'! The cadger's deid!

One that never failed, at least if due emphasis were given to the "roared" was,

The craw killed the pussy cat,
The little kitlin roared and grat!

Another rhyme was

Brow brow brentie, eye eye winkie,
Nose nose nebbie, cheek cheek cherrie,
Chin chin chack a puddin', chack a puddin'.

And with the last words a gentle knock was given to the chin.

Another, but not indigenous rhyme, was

Ah! my little Bootsy Boo! Ah! my little Bootsy Boo!
What in the world would mother do without her little Bootsy Boo?

This time of singing does not last forever, and in some cases, poor things! it comes too suddenly to an end. No child was more caressed than "Wee Annie" the only child of her mother. It happened however that Wee Annie had, one day, a little brother and in the delight of the household and neighbours no one seemed to have a thought for her. The father looking wistfully at her over his shoulder said "Aye aye! Wee Annie's in the stirkie's sta'." That was a great day when Wee Annie saw a "Bubbly Jock" for the first time. She had wandered to the crow-hill, a little grassy mound surmounted by trees, on which stood an ancient rookery. It was the day after the annual crow-shooting. The green sward was littered with the dead crows and as she approached there, in the midst, stood a majestic black "Bubbly Jock" who, seeing her, turned and volleyed at her. It seemed to her as if he had come to avenge his slaughtered children and running home in terror she cried "Oh mother! the faither o' a' the craws has come!"

There is a day, too soon, when be the children few or many all the singing ends. The farm-servant's wife is a serious person with her two pigs and a cow and a household. She is not demonstrative and with all her love for her children she is severe thinking it is the only way to get through with the work. "D'ye hear me speaking?" she cries and then if they venture to say anything she will thunder, "Not a word oot o' yer heid!"

The children do not take kindly to new fangled words and ways. It is many years, now, since Santa Claus was first heard of in these regions. But Santa Claus is still a foreigner to them, and not a few still persist in calling him Sandy Claw.

Nothing draws sympathy to itself so surely as the ailing child. One of the children was once suffering from a trouble which baffled all the doctor's skill. "Ikey bussy, ikey bussy" moaned the child; and to all questions as to the precise nature and region of the pain the only answer was the moan, "ikey bussy, ikey bussy." A new way was tried and a playfellow of the sick child was brought into the room. The moan was heard again; but to it there came the quick retort "What oo eat sae muckie for then?"

The children quarrel and often is heard the cry "I'm no' gaun to play" or, as they shorten it,

"I'm no'ont to play." Two boys were once playing together, one of whom provided the ball with which the game was made. The quarrel arose, after a time, and the boy who owned the ball being offended cried "I'm no'ont to play. Gies ma ba'. I'm gaun hame!" This is the formula by which the sulker, man or boy, makes himself known.

The natural affection of parents for their children is often combined with keen worldly wisdom, as in the case of one whose son was leaving him to go to a land "far ayont the seas." The father was an old man who knew well that he would see his boy's face no more. The parting, a very sad one, took place at Kelso station and at the last words and the last moments, the tears began to show in the old man's eyes. At last the signal was given and as the train moved out of the station the old man ran with it as far as he was able and amid his tears now falling like rain he cried, "Good-bye, Robbie, good-bye! Keep an ee in the back o' yer heid, my son; keep an ee in the back o' yer heid!"

There is also that pride in the children which is not peculiar to our parish. One man boasted of his wee Mary that she was at the top in all her classes. The proud man said "she was tap at English and tap at Geography and tap at Arith-

metic: in fact she was tap at a'." This boasting was not for the girl's good as the other parents, jealous doubtless, spoke of her by the nickname "Tapataw."

Home is here a united kingdom and quarrels between husband and wife are almost unknown. There may be the occasional fireside difference; but of these no outsider knoweth. Once only was there public trouble of this kind. The cause of it was a loose screw in the husband's head or was it that the hardworking wife was far too patient with him?

"He never ca'ed me waur than my name" is a saying that may be often heard, or, as one good woman said of her man "He never said mair than 'Jenny' to me a' my life." In his rich Northumbrian accent, Dr. Paley of the Christian Evidences once described domestic blessedness of this kind as "Varry dool!" But "dool" or not it is true, for the people are far too busy to quarrel.

There is a quiet pride in one another, as when the husband speaks of his wife, and the wife of her husband as "Oor yin." But they are undemonstrative. In the days of the courting they make no sign that can be publicly noticed. At "The Kirkin'" they emerge together in all their splendour; but, except at the kirk are seen no more side by side. Very rarely do they walk together

to the marketing in Kelso and on these rare occasions the husband always pushes on a few yards ahead of the wife. One couple were more demonstrative; but it was in those far off days when there was a public-house in the village. They lived at New Edmondstoune; and the husband was a gardener much like the Irishman who, advertising for a situation, described himself as "gardener, sober, steady, little or no family." Every Saturday night the little family was tucked snugly away in bed and then, locking the door, husband and wife, who were very musical and sang a good song, wended their way over the hill to the village inn. Ushered into a room in which there never was anyone but themselves, they called for one pint of beer, no more and no less. As they sipped the beer the husband first sang a song to his wife and then the wife sang a song to her husband. It was soon over and having paid "the lawin'" they returned to their little cot behind the hill.

"There's nae public hoose noo" and village inns are few and far between. In a parish bordering on ours the young minister was making his first round of visits. In answer to the question of a villager he said in his brisk way "Yes! it's a little bit dull, at first." And then came the sympathetic response, "Ay, it's dull. Ye see there's nae public hoose in Eccles noo."

Husband and wife do not quarrel in the open but one may sometimes hear a gentle criticism. An old farmer had married a young wife who had been a governess and who had brought with her many airs and a little French. The old man was failing and often, unperceived by him, a drop of clear water could be seen hanging from the point of his nose. The young wife fidgetted at sight of it, especially if strangers were in the room. At length she devised a signal. Mouchoir was French for handkerchief and Monsieur for mister and at the words "Mooshay Moshay" he was to understand that the drop was there and ready for instant removal. Often in the evenings when a neighbour called were these mystic words "Mooshay moshay" heard. It was a simple plan and effective until one night, irritated by their frequency the old man said "Mooshay moshay yersel and let my nose alone!"

Nothing but good is to be spoken of the dead; but occasionally this rule is broken. One man had a wife who could not or would not use her needle and instead of sewing on the necessary button she would use bits of worsted or string, tying them securely enough in knots. The woman died. The man married a second time but the second wife was just as unwilling to use the needle and when there was a rent in his garment or a button awant-

ing she made the necessary repairs by simply sticking in pins to hold things together. This woman also died and the poor man remembering the past would say "Knotty was bad but ah! Pricky was waur!"

Character reveals itself in the different ways they have of speaking about the dead spouse. That was a fine man who spoke kindly alike of all his wives. He had had three in his time and when asked which of them he liked the best he answered, "I aye liked the leevin' yin the best."

Sometimes the kindly word comes from a heart that is not kind. At a great Revival meeting, not in the parish, the truth preached was that no one on this earth is perfect. The preacher suddenly became personal and said "Does anyone of you think himself perfect? Let him stand up." There was a hush, but no one stood. Pressing his point the preacher asked "Do any of you know of one, have any of you heard of one who was perfect? Let him stand up." There was again the pause and the silence but this time a woman stood up far away under the gallery. She was a woman of faded look with all the appearance of one who had been "sair hadden doon." The preacher saw her and said to her eagerly "Yes, my good woman. Yes. And who was this perfect one of whom you have heard?" Meekly there came the

answer "My husband's first wife!" No more was to be said at that meeting.

A woman was talking about a daughter of hers who in the opinion of everybody had made a very good marriage. "Yes" said the mother in a confidential crack with a neighbour "ma dochter has a fine hoose and plenty o' money but there's aye a something!" "And what's the something?" asked the neighbour. "Oh! it's the man" said the mother, "she canna bide the man!"

The shepherd and the ploughman, the woman worker and the boy carry on the work of the farm. The shepherd still speaks of his work as a hirsel; but not so often now does the ploughman refer to his as a hinding. The hind and bondager of thirty years ago are now known as farm-servant and "oot-bye" worker. The farm servant performs his common round his daily task from Whitsunday to Whitsunday, always at his "bit" but saying little. He is not encouraged to talk much, for to him as to the noble six hundred "There's not to reason why!" No one knew his duty better in this respect, than the old groom who was one day carrying his master's game bag not far from the top of Big Cheviot. In this lonely place he met a man who years before had been on the same farm and under the same master. Said the groom

surprised "Is that you?" Said the man "Are ye here tae?" Then replied the groom "Man! dod! but that bates a'!" and without another word the two men passed on their diverse ways.

"Oot-bye" workers are more picturesque, with their great sun-bonnets and straw-rope leggings. They are as merry as the day is long and dare to pass a joke sometimes even with "the maister." One of them was set to attend to the bags when the farmer was threshing out his peas. After a time the farmer came to her and asked "Where have you put the peas?" "Oh," said she, "there was only yin cam' doon an' I eatit it!"

There is also the "orra man" who, like the odd horse, is kept busy on odd jobs. On one farm the "orra man" was a lad who was half-witted, but who did his best. On one occasion he was set to remove a heap of stones on a wheelbarrow. The load was heavy, and after struggling manfully for a time, he was compelled to put the barrow down and rest for a little. He stood "fuffin'" and blowing; and with a most reproachful look at the wheelbarrow he was heard to exclaim "Try it yersel'!"

There is another known as "the hoose servant" whose price, when she is good, is above rubies. In other days she was looked on, almost, as one of the family and was as careful of "the things"

as the mistress herself. Her advice was always forthcoming, even when it was not asked and children were kept in order by the question "What'll Mary say?" So kindly and sincere was her heart that her words were tolerated, even when there was a sting in them. Mary did not like the milk puddings and the truth would not hide. "I couldna get eneugh o' them when I cam' here and noo I'm fair sick o' them," she said to her mistress. But she had humour. It was the tea hour and long after the last cup had been sipped they sat on talking soft and low on some deep problem or another; but forgetting that the tea things had not been removed nor the table-cloth folded and laid away. In the midst of the reverie, the dining room door opened quietly and Mary's head appeared. "Beg pawrdon" she said, "I thocht ye was a' drooned in the slap bowl."

This was in the olden time, thirty years ago, but with the new time there has come a new spirit. A mistress was to-day engaging a servant, and after enlarging on the duties of the office for nearly half an hour she was asked by the girl "And what do ye do, mem?" Another was in single service in the house of a couple who had not been long married. Few in number, they were manifold in meals, ending up the day with

a heavy supper of several courses. This was too much for the girl who at last expostulated in the words "I wunner hoo twa folk can eat sae muckle!"

Style is not appreciated as it deserves and the significance attaching to the bit of pasteboard known as a visiting card is not understood. Once a servant burst into the drawing-room and presenting a visiting card to her mistress said "There's a man at the door, and here's his ticket!"

It was a sad sight in the farm-house when the old housekeeper died. Her master, whom she had served long and faithfully, was a bachelor very old and just a little eccentric in his ways. He was twenty years older than the housekeeper, and in the nature of things, ought to have been the first to go. But Death has his own ways and when he came he took the housekeeper first; and at his call she went forth leaving behind her all her poor possessions. A new housekeeper came, and as there was neither kinswoman nor friend to lay out the dead woman's belongings, the old farmer determined that the work should be done under his own eye. The great "kist" was opened, and one by one the carefully folded garments were laid out, until out of the folds of one of them there fell a silver bit and curb. The

farmer recognised them as property of his which, some years before, had mysteriously disappeared. In a moment he understood, and sinking back into a chair, he said, "Puir body! puir body!" The work went on and now a pair of spurs came to the light, now a pair of stirrups, now a pair of the farmer's old sleeve-links; and as one by one they fell out on the stone floor there was heard the mournful dirge, "Puir body! puir body!" The secrets of many years were revealed and as the poor trinkets lay in a little heap on the floor, they looked very small and pitiful.

To the casual inquiry. "How are you?" there sometimes comes the startling reply "I'm very shabby;" or the pathetic "I'm rale hard up!" Of course they are not owning up to any meanness or poverty but simply stating that their health is not good.

Nowadays a trained nurse is called in when anyone is seriously ill. This is an advantage in many ways and yet it leaves less room for the development of that spirit of sympathy and neighbourliness which is a notable feature in their character. Beautiful was the sympathy as speaking of the young wife, soon to be a mother, they would say "She has a deep water to wade;" and then, if the worst did happen, "She has been sair handled!" Though they were good nurses,

they sometimes floundered badly in trying to pronounce the names which learning gives to the various kinds of disease. It was "Titus" fever when it should have been typhus; and an "absence in the leg" for an "abscess." "Chronicle Rheumatics" were common and "undergeestion" not infrequent. One poor woman had an "ulster in her inside"; but she was kind, and preparing her children to meet the cold winds of winter she said she had provided them with "ulcers." Sometimes they are playful under trouble and can see a pun even after a sleepless night. The child had been fractious all the night through, and with reason, for it had lately been vaccinated. The mother's sympathy was all with the child as she remarked "It's weel named vaccination for it vaxes the bairn very sair." They were not always imposed on by those who tried to pass themselves off as invalids and they had a saying,

> The woman's ae dochter and the man's ae coo
> The yin's never weel and the ither's never fou.

But the doctor himself was once deceived by a man who had pains shooting about in all parts of his body and who had marked himself with patches of Indian ink to show the spots where the pains had been. The doctor was horrified when

he saw the great black marks, thinking it must be mortification in its deadliest form. He found out, later, it was only a case of muscular rheumatism.

Among the remedies for illness there is none more familiar than "Ecky Pecky" wine, known to the druggist as Ipecacuanha. "Bitter Alice" more widely known as Bitter Aloes is also a favourite. Most popular of all the remedies is "Support" which being interpreted means Port Wine. But surely the most startling of all the remedies is a red hot poker. There was a kindly farmer's wife of the old school who kindled her bedroom fires by inserting a poker, red-hot, from the kitchen fire into the midst of the wood and coals which of course had been carefully laid for the purpose. One night it happened that a dance was given in the farm house. It was winter time and one of the young ladies, who had driven a long way to be present, arrived shivering and feeling ill. The kindly old lady said she must have a fire in her bedroom at once, and going out to the landing called down to the servants "Fetch a red hot poker: there's a lassie here that's no' weel." The other guests who were assembled heard the cry and were startled but, though it did not sound well, the remedy was the kindest of all under the circumstances.

Doctors prescriptions, for which they pay so sweetly, are not always received with the respect that is due to their cost. A doctor's recommendation to the wife of a farm servant was to "try a plain diet." When the man of learning departed she said with a contemptuous toss of the head, "Plain diet! Megstie! I've never had onything else," and straightway she rose up and cooked a red herring for herself. Instead of plainer diet a ploughman who was ailing was told to be very kind to himself and eat a lot of animal food. But he misunderstood the phrase "animal food" and ruminating he said "A' could eat turnips and a' micht try oilcake but strae! I'll be hanged if I'll eat strae!"

Doctors are often right; and yet, not seldom, one may hear the sweeping statement that "doctors ken naething aboot it!"

In spite of the doctor's science the people slip away one by one when their hour comes. Kind and reverent are the neighbours in that time of sorrow, but not often is the situation so fully and pathetically put as it was by the Edenmouth steward. Speaking of a farmer on the Sprouston side who had gone to his account, the steward said, "He de'ed o' a choke o' perplexity, and it's a great peety, for he has a gran' crap o' turnips!"

Threatened men live long. One of them was

beadle and grave-digger, a worthy man when sober but who unfortunately had an occasional bout of drinking. At these times he would threaten to drown himself, hoping by this threat to touch the heart of his patient wife and obtain more money for his debauch. On one occasion he made his threat, but as the good woman remained cold and unmoved, he bade her a last good-bye and went out, slamming the door behind him. Then a new thought flashed on him. He would give her another chance and so opening the door wide enough to let his head in he cried, "A plain coffin! Nae muntins." A gravedigger's last instructions. It is pleasant to know that he lived for many a long year after that day.

On one good woman, however, the blow fell. Her husband did really die but, like a good Christian, in his bed and the widow reared a beautiful monument to her "Wullie." From this time all her talk was about "Wullie's moniment," until the neighbours were weary of it. The days passed and in course of time the widow was courted and married a second time. The neighbours were jubilant and one of them speaking the thought of all said, "There'll be nae mair aboot Wullie's moniment noo!"

Among their gifts is that of the picturesque phrase. Of course, they have no phrase of the

supreme kind that is "to sparkle on the forefinger of all Time," but there are many of a lowlier order, quaint, convincing and well deserving to be treasured. There is for example the man who is always asking questions, "speering" it is called, and who is known as "the man wi' the long speer." As the pin that holds "the bummie" or the butterfly in a museum, fixing it with its outspread wings, so does this phrase catch the inquisitive man as he goes fleeting across the stage. The flatterer again is known as "a blaw-i'-ma-lug." The worldly man is described as "glued to this warld" like the children in the legend, who, laying their hands on the fairy pony as it browsed by the side of the lake, found that they were glued to its flanks and could not withdraw them when it began to move back to its place in the depths of the lake. The species known in society as the henpecked husband is here known as "the clapper-clawed." The clapper is of course the tongue and just as a dog's tongue can at times claw like a comb, so there are humans who have a like gift.

Many and shining are their gifts but there is another side to the shield. Sometimes they give way to wrath, and even a heritor has been known to lose his temper. At a meeting of elders and heritors one of the elders had opposed a motion made by a heritor who in rage drew his whinger

and turning to the elder said "Another word like that, Sir, and I'll mak' a footba' o' yer heid!" They can also be ungallant. It was a farmer who liked his tumbler and his game of whist and a penny, at least, on the game. He spent one evening at a neighbour's where ladies had a share of the whist and the toddy; but the entertainment did not please him. Snorting with contempt he described the party as "Bawbee whust and ae tumbler o' toddy wi' twa weemen oot o't!"

To the cyclist there also seemed a want of courtesy. He had dismounted at the wayside shop and buying a penny's worth of something, he began to express his thanks but was cut short with the words "Nae thanks: it's a penny!"

Some are not so brave as they might be. At the beginning of last century there was a strong corps of yeomanry in the district composed, mainly, of farmer's sons. At the time of the "False Alarm," the Yeomanry were summoned to meet at Lauder and thereafter to ride to Leith for the defence of their country. One man came riding up to the meeting place, yet so violently was he trembling in his saddle that the horse itself was shaken. To one of his fellow-yeomen he remarked "I believe that beast kens whaur it's gaun. See hoo it's trumblin'!"

Another of the Yeomen failed to appear at the

roll-call and some of the troopers were sent to search for him at his home. They sought for him under the bed but he was not there; neither was he behind the cupboard. At last they found him in an outhouse and, as it seemed, sharpening his sword on a grindstone. When he was challenged for his absence he answered "What's the use o' gaun wi' a blunt sword!"

When the news reached them, a few miles out of Leith, that the alarm was a False Alarm, the Yeomen spurred their horses, and it is said they almost rode one another down in their eagerness to reach the town.

Part singing was not common in the church service and at least one old precentor deeply resented its introduction. One day the schoolmaster had brought a friend with him to church —a neighbour schoolmaster—with a strong bass voice. The precentor was sorely disturbed at the first psalm by this stranger, who sang bass with all his might. At the second psalm the bass again came sounding forth. The tune was Kilmarnock and the last note of the second line had just been reached when the precentor stopped and, laying the psalm book on his left hand, he pointed his right forefinger at the stranger and said, "Drap that way o' singin' owre there." Resuming his tune thus interrupted for a moment, he sang on to the end with a clear conscience.

In the days when crowds gathered from far to the services of the sacramental seasons, there sat another stranger in one of the front seats. He too sang bass and so well that one of the ministers asked an elder who he was. "Oh!" said the elder "he's the man that gaes aboot bassing at sacraments."

The services on these occasions were so prolonged that there was usually an interval, when the worshippers went out to obtain refreshments either at the manse or elsewhere. To some, and amongst them a certain minister's man, this interval was a time of temptation. This man was needed to drive his master's horse, and as the master was in great demand as a preacher, it happened that the man was at all the sacraments in the neighbourhood. In course of time it dawned on the minister that his man had begun to help himself too liberally to the refreshments. Said the minister "John, I think that in future it will be better for you to spend the interval in the church." But the minister's man was of a different opinion. "'Deed no! minister" said he, "I wadna gie the interval for a' the rest o't!"

They love one another, "The People;" and yet, as they think on the things they have seen and the people they have known they sometimes shake their wise heads and say, "Aye! There's nocht

sae queer as folk!" Is not this the unconscious echo of that saying of the olden time, "How wonderful is man!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Poets.

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the poet, son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson and his wife Beatrix Trotter, was born in Ednam Manse on the 11th September 1700. His father's father had been gardener to the laird of Ednam, a man of worth, evidently, who sent his son to college and later on secured for him the kirk of his native parish. The appointment is an honour to the father and to the laird, but, to the young minister it is trouble, as of course a prophet is not without honour save in his own country. Chief of his troubles was an accusation, entirely false, by one of the laird's grooms called Moore, who declared that the minister had ridden one of the laird's horses too far and too fast and had thereby caused its death. This was a serious charge which could be proved to be without foundation. But Moore would not

be silenced and passed from hot words to vile words. At last he was summoned to appear before the Session, but so stiff-necked was he that the case dragged on for many months and was at last taken to the Presbytery.

The minister's wife was the daughter of Trotter laird of Widehope, a little property in Morebattle parish. Her mother was Margaret Home, of the Homes of Bassendean, it is said. But the Homes will have none of it, declaring that Home she may have been, but not of the fine Bassendean sort. Some have also said that James was born at Widehope. Now, the mansion there may have been more than a mere shieling but it was a poor affair, and at such a time as the birth of her child it is reasonable to suppose that the mother was not out among the hills but in her own home. This is the more reasonable as the Manse had never been more habitable, having recently been repaired by the minister with funds granted for the purpose by the Lords of the Treasury. The amount allowed by them was a half year's vacant stipend —625 merks—and, that there might be no doubt about it, Mr Thomson submitted the tradesmen's accounts to the Presbytery in May 1698, showing that he had spent "the whole sum and more."

Ednam Manse, then; not Widehope! but the child was only six weeks old when he was

"translated" to Southdean by his father who had been called to that parish. Here he lived for fifteen years but of his schools and schoolmasters little is known. The home did its part doubtless, and the parish school and then for the last three years Jedburgh Grammar School, distant eight miles from Southdean.

Of his schoolmasters, Robert Riccaltonn is alone remembered. He was a farmer's son who had been some years at college but who at the age of nineteen had been called home to manage the farm of Earlshaugh not far from Southdean Manse. Riccaltonn was student, then farmer, then student a second time, then minister of Hobkirk, but all the time a poet of no mean gifts. Although there were only nine years between them yet the student farmer took to the lad and did all he knew to guide him in his studies and to help him in his verse-making, which had been his pastime since his childhood. The early flights of the young poet are not on view for it is recorded that once a year, on Old Year's day, he made a bonfire into which he cast, one by one, the poems of the year.

In those years Riccaltonn wrote a poem "On a Winter's Day," which was published in Edinburgh in 1718, and later on in Savage's Miscellany in 1726. It was this poem that gave young Thomson his cue. In a letter written in

September 1725, which bears the Barnet post-mark, Thomson says:—"Mr Rickleton's poem on Winter which I still have, first put the design into my head. In it are some masterly strokes which awakened me" and the awakening was his own great poem on Winter the first of the "Seasons."

Thomson had little more than ended his fifteenth year, when, following the way of his father, he became a student in Edinburgh University. A few months later, in February 1716, his father took an illness which proved fatal. He had been called to drive out "the Woollee ghost" from the neighbouring mansion of Wolfelee. It was a dark wintry night and in the excitement of his uncanny work he took fever and died on 9th February. At the unexpected summons the boy returned to his mother's side. It was still Southdean, but it was no longer home, and after a few weeks the mother and her children were settled in a home in Edinburgh.

The father died at the age of 50 after a ministry of twenty-four years. He left a name only for faithfulness but there was brilliance, it would seem, on the mother's side. She had all the virtues, and when as a good mother and head of the house she read and prayed and expounded it was with the inspiration of genius. Fortunately, the strain of poetry in her nature was balanced by strong

common sense, as it needed more than imagination to clothe and feed and educate nine children.

How it was managed is her secret, but her poet son put in his years at the University without a break until at last he reached the Divinity Hall. Part of the class-work here consisted in writing an exposition of a Psalm and afterwards reading it in class. Thomson read his exposition which had been written in his best poetic manner. When the student finishes the professor begins and often makes unkind remarks. When Thomson finished, the professor, Mr Hamilton, began by smiling and ended by saying that to be useful as a minister he must try a lowlier style. Now, Mr Hamilton was a scholar, but he was also known as the kindliest of men and if a professor is to say anything to a student it is scarcely possible to say anything less offensive. Many in their day do not get off so cheaply but, smiling, they "let the jaw go bye." Thomson was offended, however, and instantly determined to give up the church and to take to literature.

A serious resolve was never taken on slighter provocation; but it seems to have been approved by his mother. That a son should take to literature is as vexing to some parents as that he should take to drink, and if it is a bold thing to do, never was the risk greater than in those days, when,

according to Macaulay, to be a poet meant "tc lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, to sleep on a hulk in June and amidst the ashes of a glasshouse in December, to die in an hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault."

The sorrows of poets were probably not known down in Borderland. Possibly in ignorance, certainly with a great conceit of himself the youth set forth for London. He had obtained some letters of introduction, the most insecure of all earthly securities. Usually they were worth a guinea each in those days and much more, of course, if they brought him to the notice of one of the great men of the day who desired to keep a poet on his premises. He also took with him a few manuscripts tied, it is said, in a handkerchief. One of these bearing the title "Winter" was published by the London bookseller Millan in March 1726. This was his best letter of introduction and it was his own composition. From the bookseller it drew the cautious fee of £2 2s. and from the patron to whom it was dedicated it brought a gift of twenty guineas. But greater wonders than these did it work. Everywhere

doors were opened to him and friends were waiting to welcome him and poets long on the job hailed him as a brother. At the time London was overstocked with poets but there was room for him, as his place was at the front.

Thomson passed at a step into the society of the great ones of the earth becoming the friend of a bishop and the table companion of lords. Even the ladies gathered round him, the Countess of Hertford, herself possessed of the poetic soul, taking him down with her to her home in the country that he may assist in putting her own beautiful thoughts into shape. But the visit was not a success as Thomson preferred the society of Lord Hertford and his wines to that of Lady Hertford and her poetry.

"Winter" was followed by poems on "Summer" and "Spring" and "Autumn," the last of them being published in 1730. They stand four-square and form the enduring monument of his power. "A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton" and "Britannia" were also written in these years but do not add to his fame. To this period also belongs the tragedy, the first of many, called "Sophonisba." The wit and fashion of London had gathered to hear it. Respectfully and yet a little sadly they sat listening until the line was spoken "O Sophonisba! Sophonisba,

O!" when from the gallery there came the voice "O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!" Instantly there was laughter and movement, and the sense of relief, as when the verdict is given, and the sessions are at an end. It could not have been kindlier and yet all the same it was a signal for the curtain.

There is a tradition that Thomson was a very indolent man. Of no other poet is such a thing told and yet whatever may be forgotten this silly tale is sure to be remembered and repeated. Do the storytellers think he ought to have undertaken some light work in the city and to have done his literary work in the evenings? Otherwise the charge of indolence is quite unjustified. Poets are of course the most industrious of mortals and if Thomson's work is measured line by line with theirs he has no reason to be ashamed of its amount. Indeed, if he has a fault it is that he did too much! In addition to the poetry he published there would also be the poetry he burned as, doubtless, he kept up the good custom of his youth. He was the lion of the season, too, and the dearly loved friend of many seasons and had to submit to be fed in the usual way at banquets and supper parties. When the labour and the sorrow are taken into the count it cannot be said that he was an indolent man.

A great pleasure came his way about this time. Charles Talbot, son of Lord Chancellor Talbot, was ready for the Grand Tour with which a liberal education usually ended in those days, and as the Chancellor was an admirer and friend of the poet, Thomson was chosen to be his son's travelling companion. Setting out with the young man he passed by easy stages and in lordly way across the Continent. Shortly after his return the young man died, but so pleased was the Chancellor with Thomson's labours that he appointed him Secretary of Briefs.

The duties of this office are not known; but there was a good salary. Unfortunately the Secretaryship was brief. The office was in the gift of the Chancellor to be held during his life-time. Now it happened that not long after his appointment Lord Chancellor Talbot died and in his death there was lost a friend and an office and an income of £300 a year. Thomson was deeply grieved. It is said, however, that the office could have been his again for the asking and that the new Chancellor kept it open for a time. It may have been his modesty, it may have been his mourning, and both were genuine, but he made no sign and the door was shut.

There was now a change in his style, some say an improvement. The glamour of Border streams

and Cheviot's mountains blue is felt in the work of the first period but now in the later period he is far from "Sooden" and the native wood-notes wild.

The first of the new style was "Liberty," published in 1732, in which the Goddess of Liberty gives a long disquisition on liberty in ancient and modern times. It was dedicated to the Prince of Wales whom Thomson describes as the friend of mankind and merit. This must be true as he settled a pension of £100 a year on the poet, to be followed afterwards with the appointment of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands.

"Agamemnon" in 1738 and "Edward and Eleonora" in 1739 were tragedies. Of the latter John Wesley says in his journal:—"The sentiments are just and noble: the diction strong, smooth and elegant: and the plot conducted with the utmost art and wrought off in a most surprising manner."

"The Masque of Alfred," written by command of the Prince of Wales and performed at Clifden in 1740, is memorable from this fact that it contains "Rule Britannia"—that song of sea lords. In this work Thomson was assisted by a London Scot called Robert Mallet or Malloch; but his contribution is an uncertain quantity. Some have suggested, however, that it was Mallet who

wrote "Rule Britannia." The question has been hotly debated but surely the belief held at the time, and for long years after, that it is Thomson's ought not to be disturbed save on the clearest evidence. This evidence is not forthcoming for the reason that it does not exist.

In 1745 his tragedy "Tancred and Sigismunda" was performed and with Garrick and Mrs Cibber in the leading parts it long drew "crowded houses." This was followed by the "Castle of Indolence" which in the opinion of many is his best poem. "Coriolanus: a Tragedy," found in manuscript after the poet's death, was published and afterwards put on the stage.

On a hot August day Thomson set out from London intending to walk to Richmond where his home was in those days. He had reached Hammersmith when, oppressed with the heat, he took boat and sailed up the river to Kew. Unfortunately he caught cold which on the following day developed into fever and after a few days' illness he died on the 27th August 1748.

Thomson's portrait shows a clean-shaven man with large bright eyes. The mouth is large with full lips and a square heavy chin. On his head is a loose turban-like skull-cap under which no fringe of hair is visible. But the kindly luminous eyes light up the picture, redeeming everything.

A word-picture of him by his friend Lord Lyttleton describes him as

> More fat than bard beseems:
> Who void of envy, guile and lust of gain
> Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.
> The world forsaking with a calm disdain
> Here laugh'd he, careless in his easy seat,
> Here quaff'd, encircled by the joyous train.

On the publication of his first poem, "Winter," Thomson passed into fame with a suddenness unknown in the annals of poets. So wonderful and so unanimous was the welcome he received that it seemed as if he were one for whom the world had been long waiting. Nor was it the popularity of a day, as is attested by the many editions of his works that have been and still are being published. There may be some who wonder, seeing little in the poems themselves to justify the enthusiasm. He was welcomed, however, not merely on his merits as a poet, but also for the reason that he showed the poets of the time a better way, and gave them a better theme. They had become conventional in body, soul, and spirit; and if the public did not show their weariness it was because they knew no better. They knew better when they had read "The Seasons," and the coming of Thomson was the coming of new life into a valley of dry bones. He was the first of

a new line, and the founder of a new school of which Wordsworth was the crowning glory.

Thomson's fame is that he sings of nature, raising a strain that is in line with that of singers of an older world. As an artist in words he is not in the front rank and as a thinker he is not deep. But he is true to nature and with the minuteness of the lover whom no charm escapes and with the poetic gift that makes common things glorious he has done a work in literature which lives and will live.

As the guest of the Ednam brewer, Robert Burns was an Indweller in Ednam for a night, and this did he write of the poet:—

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

On Crowning His Bust with a Wreathe of Bays.

While virgin Spring, by Edan's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green;
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between;

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft delighted stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects her agèd head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on her bounty fed;

While Maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows;

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia with exulting tear
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

Henry Francis Lyte was born in Ednam West Mains on 1st June 1793. The home-country of his parents was not Borderland, however, but Somersetshire being of the family of the Lytes of Lytescary in that county. Henry's father was Captain Thomas Lyte, an officer who was on half-pay in some of those years when, as it happened, there was no business so brisk as soldiering. The lean half-pay years were spent in Ednam.

It is impossible now to show all the happenings that caused the Lyte family to drift into a spot so far out of the track of the storm; but so it was that the Captain rented West Mains, then known as The Cottage, and that during his residence there his poet-son was born. Samuel Robertson, Quaker and Brewer, was Captain Lyte's nearest neighbour and best friend and many a pleasant hour did the Captain spend with Quaker Samuel. In the course of that 1st June 1793 the Captain

stepped over the way to the Brewery to tell the news of the birth of a son. It is a tradition in the brewer's family that he did not look like a man who had just heard of an additional thousand a year. It is even said that he looked gloomy, and babbled much and long of half-pay and responsibilities. The Quaker had more faith than His Majesty's officer and took hopeful views. And he was right. The lean years were not many and the Captain was soon back in active service, having received the appointment of adjutant in the Liverpool Fencibles. The years that followed were spent in Liverpool and Sligo and elsewhere as, either of liking or necessity, he was ever a wanderer.

The time spent in Ednam was evidently a bright memory to him, as, for the rest of his life he continued to write to his old friend the brewer. His letters were preserved for many a year until in a fit of "reddin' up" the brewer's son consigned them to the flames.

When the poet-son is first seen he is far away in Enniskillen. It is 1804; and a post-chaise dusty with long travel is drawn up at the gate of Portora, the Royal School of Enniskillen. The schoolboys do the honours, crowding round the carriage door, but all there is to see is two small boys dressed in jackets of faded tartan. One is a delicate

looking boy of eleven and the other is a year or two older. They are the sons of an officer, it is said, who was recently in Sligo and is now off to the wars. The boys know more but, when they speak, their talk is not of home.

Portora was at that time under the Rev. Robert Burrowes, Fellow of Trinity and afterwards Dean of Cork. The lonely boys could not have fallen into kinder hands, and for some years Dr. Burrowes was their teacher and the only guardian they knew. When Captain Lyte did re-appear the elder brother Tom was quietly returned to the parental care, but the good schoolmaster kept Henry and, without fee or reward other than a good conscience, he educated and supported him until he had gone to college and found a way to support himself.

Henry Lyte became a student in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1809, winning one of the bursaries known as sizarships. In 1813 he obtained a scholarship in the same university. His first idea was to study medicine; but he had not then taken his true bearings. He proved to be the first man of his year in literature and he won the prize for the best English poem in three consecutive years. As the result of a truer reading of his gifts he entered the ministry of the Church of Ireland and was appointed curate of Taghmon, near Wexford,

in 1815. His health failed him, and as his only chance was in a warmer climate he made a visit, the first of many, to the Continent. On his return in 1817 he obtained the curacy of Marazion, a rough mining village in Cornwall, near the bay of Mount St. Michael. At this time and place he started a home on his own account, marrying Anne, only daughter and heiress of the Rev. Wm. Maxwell D.D. of County Monaghan.

But the months in Marazion saw another change in him. It happened that there was a clergyman near bye with a sickness that was unto death. Lyte was much with him and saw the life slowly fade as a shadow on the wall. As he watched and pondered there came on his spirit the dawn of a new and better day. Not in storm did it break but, without his knowing it, the light had been slowly stealing round him and now as he lifted his eyes lo! all things had become new. "I was greatly affected" says Lyte "by the whole matter and brought to look on life and its issues with a different eye than before and I began to study my Bible and to preach in another manner than I had previously done."

In 1819 Lyte moved to Lymington in Hampshire. Not yet was it a living, and indeed his concern was not to obtain "a living" but to keep the life he had. It was a frail instrument, that

body of his, and since his college days until the end did come there was scarcely a year in which it did not seem on the point of failing him utterly. At Lymington he remembered his gift of poetry and, in leisure forced on him by his weak health, he gathered a volume of things old and new and published it under the title of "Tales in Verse."

The illness of this time becoming serious, Lyte resigned his curacy at Lymington and with his family removed to Sway Cottage, South Devon. The new home was on the banks of the Dart, at one of its loveliest bends, near the village of South Dittisham. His stay in these part was brief but for him Sway Cottage was henceforward sacred to the memory of a little daughter who died in it in 1821. In that same year he became curate of Charlton, near Kingsbridge in Devonshire, and in the following year, 1822, he was promoted to Lower Brixham which was to be his home for the five and twenty years of life that remained to him.

Lower Brixham is a fishing village on the Devonshire coast, a few miles east of Plymouth. The church was a new structure, the latest effort of some Church Extension Committee of the time. Within the radius assigned to him as his parish there was a population of several thousands of a variety greater than is to be found in most parishes. In addition to the natives there were in those

years sailors from the fleet, which had a station close at hand in Torbay, and soldiers from the military station at Berryhead. Lower Brixham was not a dull neighbourhood and in a year's time could suggest all the problems that ever suggest themselves to a minister.

Amongst the other kinds was a certain amount of religious life. The great controversy of the time was between Calvinists and Arminians and the story told by one of Lyte's biographers of an old man, who was one of the leaders in the fight, shows the bitterness of the strife. One Sunday just before church time this old warrior took his stand beside a pool which happened to be near the Calvinist Chapel and began to stir and poke among the muddy waters with his stick. The worshippers as they gathered were attracted by the unusual sight, and as the numbers increased the stirring and poking became more vigorous. "What are you looking for?" they asked and when the answer came "I am searching for the eternal decrees" they retired, but in no mood for a sermon.

These were the people whom he was set to gather into one fold and he did it, too, by a surer way than that of argument. He devoted himself to them and theirs, especially to their children of whom there were nearly eight hundred in his

Sunday Schools. He encouraged them by his presence and wrote the hymns they sang, for a new hymn was his favourite gift to them when through illness he was compelled to be absent. In health he is in their midst, in sickness he is still with them and being absent, yet speaketh. Choosing his themes in the Psalms of David his hymns are the Songs of Zion, "a dying fall" of those songs that have moved the world. They were all published by and bye under the title "The Spirit of the Psalms."

Not less was Lyte's heart drawn to the fishermen; and to his eyes there was a glamour on the sea and on all toilers on the deep. When they would not seek him, he sought them, visiting them in their boats and diving down, as there was need, into the dark forecastle. Once a year, when the time came for them to set sail for far fishing grounds, he gathered them in church to give them parting counsels and a blessing out of the house of the Lord. He also wrote a Manual of Devotion for them so that near or far he might be speaking to them and helping them.

Carrying the same eager spirit into all his work the cure of Lower Brixham was too great a task for him. If at work at all, then all his powers were at burning point and in vain did friends reason and doctors warn. He could not rust out

as he often told them, and if the illness came he would accept it equally as the will of God for him. Wiser as he grew older, he wintered for several years in the South of France or in Italy, the winter of 1844-45 being spent in Naples and the winter of 1845-46 in Rome where unfortunately he was seized with malaria.

"Tales in Verse: Illustrative of the Ten Commandments" published in 1826 was his first volume. The title did not promise great things but in the Tales themselves there was a beauty and power that attracted even the critics. There was no narrowness about them either in doctrine or feeling and touching only the sympathies that are broad, Christopher North describes them as "the right kind of religious poetry."

"Poems, Chiefly Religious" was the name of his second book, published in 1833. It contains many hymns which have since passed out into the service of faithful souls, amongst them the familiar

> Jesus I my Cross have taken
> All to leave and follow Thee.

"The Spirit of the Psalms" published in 1834 made a still more notable contribution to hymn literature and has passed through many editions. In 1856 his daughter issued the volume "Remains

of the Rev. H. F. Lyte" containing a sketch of her father's life, many of his unpublished poems and four of his sermons. "Miscellaneous Poems" published in 1868 are the "Poems, Chiefly Religious" and those later poems of the Remains gathered into one volume. In prose Lyte wrote a memoir of Henry Vaughan published in 1847, also an account, not published, of the "Nonjurors and their Time."

In the autumn of 1847 the lights were burning low for him and earlier than his custom he had made his arrangements to winter abroad. Sunday 4th September was to be the last for the time among his people and although in great bodily weakness he preached and dispensed the Communion. After service he was weary and silent and those of his family still round him left him, as they thought, to rest. He was resting but it was a rest like the Master's when He prayed in solitary places. Towards the darkening he returned to the family circle bringing a paper with certain verses on it which he placed in his son's hands. It was the first writing of the hymn "Abide with me fast falls the eventide."

In a few days Lyte with his son and daughter-in-law set out and travelling by easy stages reached Nice. There he died on Saturday 20th November 1847 and there he lies buried.

WILLIAM WIGHT

Half-way up the village a cripple child was sitting at his mother's door on the day that Lyte was born. He was an eleven-year-old, having been born in 1782, and was the son of an "orra-man" who found employment here and there on the neighbouring farms. Between this son of the soil, by name William Wight, and this son of the officer there was little in common. The one was a great wanderer in his time while the other was only three times outside his parish, and while the one lived a full busy life the other passed his days as a solitary, with few friends and no companions but the redbreasts and thrushes that came at his call and fed on the crumbs of his table. Dissimilar in most ways there were yet some things which life had in common for them besides the neighbourhood. Both were to set the wild echoes flying, not only of the German flute, which they learned to play, but of poetry, and each was to hold in his hand a book of his own poetry.

William Wight was born in Ednam and was the eighth child in a large family of thirteen. He was paralysed from his birth and all his days he had to be lifted and laid like a little child. He had a good mother who looked on him as the flower of her flock and deeply does he mourn her

death calling her "the affectionate nurse and constant companion of thirty years." He had a good father too who taught him to spell his way through the Bible, his first reading book. The same kind teacher taught him to write but his grammar had all to be picked up in scraps when, on a happening night, a certain Kelso friend took his walk out the Ednam way. No lesson, however casual, was lost on him and from that time his chief pastime was reading and dreaming and writing poetry.

The father died when his son was nineteen and that constant companion, his mother, when he was thirty. After his mother's death two winters were spent with a brother at Newton Don, and at the close of the third winter, spent at Humehall, he returned home resolved to leave his little cottage no more until death did them part.

Short and simple are the annals of this poor man. In summer time he rose at six and sat by the open window till nine when the woman who attended to his wants paid him her first visit. After breakfast she placed him in his little carriage and wheeled him into the churchyard and left him there under the shade of a favourite tree until sundown. He passed the hours sometimes reading, sometimes writing, sometimes amusing himself with his little playfellows the birds. In

winter time he was out in the fine days; but the long dark nights were always his dread. He dearly loved a friend and in honour of a visit on a winter's evening he was always ready to make music on his flute. But the friends were few. The laird was one; Samuel Robertson the brewer was another but chief of them was Miss Anna Waldie in whose family thought for the poor has been a tradition. She never failed him and made it her care that his little cruse of oil was never exhausted.

Wight, who was one of the humblest of God's creatures, sent his rhymes, enough to make a volume, to the printer but it was only by Miss Waldie's persuasion. The book was published in 1819 and by Miss Waldie's kind efforts proved a great success.

Wight lived in the days of Napoleon and the great wars, and those of his poems bearing on these matters have all the right ring. One is on "The Tears of Switzerland," conquered by Napoleon; another is on "The False Alarm;" while to Napoleon he says:—

> Tyrant! Thou arms't thy slaves in vain:
> In vain proud man thou waft'st them o'er
> To Britain's Isle; thou ne'er shalt gain
> A footing on her happy shore!
> She calls her sons, the flame they feel
> The patriot flame, avow'd and bold
> They rush in bands; they grasp the steel
> And emulate their sires of old.

But he was not made for war and his Muse is happiest in verses "To a Robin Redbreast," "To a Thrush," "To a Wild Flower," and to that best of friends Miss Anna Waldie.

Who through the wood from Hendersyde
Oft to my lonely cottage hied
And me with looks of pity eyed?
Fair Anna.

Who brought me flowers of fairest hue
Which round their sweetest odours threw
And for my Muse gave me thanks new?
Fair Anna.

My simple lays who did applaud
An soothed my heart when it was sad
And when she saw me well was glad?
Fair Anna.

JOHN GIBSON SMITH

John Gibson Smith was born in Innerleithen and lived there in sight of hills until he reached man's estate. It may have been the hills; it may have been a touch of Celtic blood, but all his days he was a perfervid being, with a love for mountains and floods and all else of which poets sing. A lover of poets he was himself one of the company although his place was on the lower slopes of the hill. He was a leader of opinion in the countryside with whom it was wise to agree,

as his wrath was by no means a negligible quantity. No one could be more genial than he when he was getting his own way but crossed he could be exceedingly bitter.

Smith was clever and restless, and as he began early to write verses it may be that he had dreams of a literary career. He chose teaching as a profession, not that he had any special love for literary work carried on with the assistance of cane or tawse. Teaching was the means to an end, providing him with a livelihood and leaving him free to follow his ambition.

His first appointment as a teacher was in Kelso Friendly School, an institution which has long since passed and been forgotten. While he was there, in 1834, a vacancy occurred in the Ednam School, and having sent in his application he was examined by the Rev. J. M. McCulloch, Kelso, and Dr. Ferguson of Kelso Grammar School and thereafter appointed schoolmaster.

The choice was a fortunate one for the parish. Mr Smith was a man full of energy, very tall and very slender, with many years between him and his prime. He was well fitted for his work, and his many gifts as a teacher were all the more welcome and noticed, following as he did one who had been a failure. There were few who dared or cared to play the truant in his time. His fame

soon travelled and pupils came to him from the neighbouring parishes especially from Kelso which sent him, morning by morning, a contingent twenty to thirty strong. With his pupils he has left none but kindly memories behind him. They cannot remember much about the tawse. They can only remember that they liked him. They say, however, that he had a way of gripping dolts by the ear, shaking them, and then leading them up to the blackboard for direct personal instruction. But they add that it wasn't sore!

Out of school hours his chief joy was his garden. The garden is the schoolmaster's hobby and in this he was like his neighbours. But there was none of them with a knowledge and authority on gardening like his. If he went to see a neighbour, and he did love to move about on Saturdays, it was to see his garden. He made many friends but he could not love any one who did not love a garden.

Another of his joys was poetry, both the reading and the writing of it. He was always rhyming and the readiness with which local editors put him into the Poets' Corner made him think the stuff was in him. But he never got higher than the local newspaper until, in 1862, he gathered all his poetical belongings together and issued a volume of 240 pages, entitled "The Old Churchyard."

It is a book in which one hears the echo of many great voices. There is one poem at least which is quite Byronian in its roll; some have the sough of the Ettrick Shepherd; some both in form and spirit have been modelled after Burns, while others are the unmistakable echoes of sermons, mostly funeral sermons.

"The Old Churchyard," which gives its name to the volume, consists of not one but a baker's dozen of poems. The poet visits The Pastor's Grave, The Miser's Grave, The Grave of a Dorcas and other graves delivering a little homily at each. The subject is not cheerful and, unfortunately, the churchyard gloom pervades almost the whole book. He weeps copiously as he sings, even if he happens to be remembering an old sweetheart, and few are the poems in which there is no reference to tears. This is amusing as apart from his poetry he was one of the brightest and most cheerful of men.

He sings well, however, and is at his best when, trusting himself to his native Doric, he sings the thoughts that come to him in his own way. The song "Maximum" is an example of the best style. It refers to the maximum salary of the parochial schoolmaster which had been fixed by law and which all schoolmasters were anxious to get.

Let ithers fortune's favours seek,
And in her smiles lie doon an' beek
An' glower at every changefu' freak
That ower the jaud may come;
Gie me the pith an' power o' sense
An' mair, the pith an' power o' pence
An' gie me for the sake o' mense
The thing ca'ed Maximum.

In 1864 Smith resigned his office and with wife and children set out for New Zealand. Many sorrows had fallen to his share, amongst them the loss of his first wife and also a long and serious illness. He had also had many joys but such was his restlessness and courage that, after he had passed his best days, he gave up everything and went out to begin life anew. He made a place for himself in New Zealand and later as Secretary to an Educational Institution, but it was never equal to the place he had resigned.

ANDREW BROTHERSTON

The Seer has usually been a Poet. Now, Andrew Brotherston was a man who saw things. No one was quicker to mark the difference of genus and species in wild-flower and wild-bird and if he never wrote a line of poetry he had the poet's heart and the poet's love and reverence for nature.

Andrew Brotherston always claimed to be an Ednam man. He was born on 28th March 1834 at Eccles Shiel and died at Kelso on 16th March

1891; but these are not the days that count. The great time is that of the school-days, and as his parents removed to Ednam soon after his birth all his school life was passed in Ednam school. Mr Smith, the schoolmaster, found in him his best pupil who headed his classes not only in grammar and the other subjects, but also in the rush for the door when the day's work was done. The open air with the fields and the river was more to him than books, and as the hart panting for the water-brooks the villagers could see him making, at full gallop, for the river-side. No hand was defter than his at snaring a trout or hooking a salmon and no eye was keener to mark the wild-flower in its hiding-place; while at home, in his backyard, there was always a family of pyats and howlets and other miscellaneous creatures depending on his fatherly care.

His father was roadman and gardener by turns, and although a man of marked individuality himself, he did not know the chances that lay open to his gifted son. Unfortunately, too, the son was not ambitious and his choice was to help his father on the roads and in the gardens. But this kind of life allowed him time to indulge his hobbies and to gather a lore of all wild things. He had the natural history eye and Prof. Balfour, the famous Edinburgh botanist, said he had never

known anyone with a quicker eye for the differences and variations of a plant. Instantly and with the most casual glance he saw the class and family to which it belonged. He was not a quick walker and often, when out with men of like tastes, the other botanists of the party would be passing on in front when the cry of "Hillo!" from Brotherston would bring them back. It would be to show them some rare plant peeping out from its hidden nook which the eyes of his less gifted companions, though on search, had failed to see. Sometimes these companions would go clambering down into some old quarry hoping for a find. With a glance at the soil he would call them back telling them that nothing valuable was to be got there, that in the nature of things it was impossible.

Nothing relating to birds or flowers ever escaped his memory. One evening as his sister Barbara was setting out for Falsidehill, where she was "at a place," Andrew put on his cap and said he would give her a convoy. Together they walked until they reached the northern slopes of the Sweethope Crags when, stooping, he plucked a flower and with only a word he turned homewards. Long years after, more than thirty, as he lay dying this sister visited him. "D'ye see that?" he said pointing to a pressed and withered

flower which for the moment happened to be lying open to the view. "D'ye see that? I got it yon nicht I was seeing you hame to Falsidehill."

Brotherston married the daughter of the farmer at Lochtower, and settled down in Ednam where he cultivated, and cured, and smoked, with great diligence and satisfaction, his own tobacco. He also employed himself as a jobbing gardener and amateur bird-stuffer. Many were willing to help him on, and at last a shop was rented in Kelso for the birdstuffing work. This became at once a centre for all the naturalists in the district. Botanists knew their way to it with the plants they had found but could not name, or to tell of some new station for some rare wild-flower. Sportsmen found their way to it with the rare bird that had fallen to their gun, and game-keepers came when they had question to ask or new thing to tell. It was a dingy place but his smile and his humour and above all his wide and deep knowledge lighted it up so that nobody ever thought it was a dark place.

Many a happy day was spent by him at Lochtower, where the laird, Mr Elliot of Clifton Park, was ready to play the part of Maecenas. But he had many friends in his own parish and outside of it—notably the Robertons of Edenmouth—who were anxious to help him. Offers of employment

came to him, however, on his own merits, and from those who knew him well. His friend, Prof. Williams, invited him to lecture to the students on the subject of Botany as related to the veterinary science, and Prof. Dickson offered him the post of Keeper of the Herbarium in Edinburgh. But money and honour were never the objects of his care, and so he declined the offers, preferring to work in his own ways and at his own times.

Brotherston was Curator of the Museums at Berwick, Kelso and Floors and, besides the help given locally to naturalists, he corresponded with leading men of science and contributed many articles to journals dealing with questions of Natural History. He was an authority on all matters relating to the finny tribes and of special value were his articles on the disease which was then working havoc among salmon. "Notes on Rare and Uncommon Wild Plants found near Kelso," written by him, is also of great interest and he had, perhaps, the greatest knowledge of the Salices of any of his contemporaries.

A disease known as "the loupin' ill" became prevalent among Border sheep about this time. It had long baffled "the vets.," and distressed the farmers, and excited the naturalists. Brotherston noticed that the heads or ears of grass had become ergotised. Of course, the ergot of rye had long

been known, as well as the disease it produced on consumers of rye-bread, and at once the idea came to him that this might be the cause of "the loupin' ill." Professor Williams and Brotherston thought they had found a clue, and, working together, investigated the relationship between ergot and the disease. In the same quest Brotherston afterwards travelled over the greater part of Scotland—including the Hebrides—seeking for traces of ergot in the pastures.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Industries.

THOR LONGUS stands at the head of Ednam story and those who trace the course of events, either in its Church or its Industries, must find their way back to him. He stands clear as yesterday, with his priest at his right hand and at his left his miller. The priest is as much a reality as Thor himself; and although the miller is not discernible to the naked eye there can be no doubt about him. The group of settlers, great or small, would be incomplete without a miller.

The grant of a barony always carried with it the right to build a mill; and although Thor's charter was, doubtless, no exception it has to be said that there is mention of neither mill nor miller in Thor's time. The earliest notice of the Mill is in a charter of King David I. who speaks of it as if it were his own property. This does not prove that Thor had no mill. It may mean simply that Thor had rejoined his King, Edgar, and his dearest Lefwin,

and the others for whose souls he had been praying, and that leaving no son or heir, all his lands and rights had reverted to the crown. David's charter was granted to the abbot and monks whom he had brought from Selkirk and had settled in the abbey at Kelso. It was the King's word to the abbot that he shall receive "from the mill in Ednam twelve chalders of malt in each year;" "in Edinham de molendino ·xij· celdr^{s} b^{a}f q^{o} lib^{s} anno." The date of this charter was 1128.

David was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm the Maiden, and all that the grandfather had promised the grandson confirmed. In almost the same words, the grant of the twelve chalders was continued. Malcolm's charter, which is now in Floors, was given in 1159.

In 1165 Malcolm was followed by his brother William the Lion. William also walked in the ways of his grandfather, and one of his first acts was to confirm all David's gifts to the Kelso monks. "From the mill in Hedenham," they are still to receive "twelve chalders of malt in each year." But William's generosity went further and in a later charter, conveying to the Kelso monks three carucates of land in Ednam, he gave them also valuable rights in the mill. One of them was the right to use it for three or four days whenever, through floods or frost or other

accident, they were unable to grind corn at their own mill in Kelso. With the mill and the millers the monks had a free hand; and so vague were the conditions under which they could claim their three or four days that Jeffrey may be justified in his statement that William gave them the mill itself.

The old mill stood near the spot where the Under-Mill now stands. The present Under-Mill was built in 1780 by John Kinghorn, an Ednam mason, but not on the old foundations. These lie thirty yards to the west and are touched by the miller when he ploughs deep. At least, great foundations are there; and when the miller sees the hollow at the place leading down to the river he believes he is on the site of the old mill of Thor and David. It stood on ground slightly higher than the new mill, and was driven by a breast or undershot wheel.

During the six centuries that followed William the Lion there must have been many stirring times; but of all those years only one incident survives. It belongs to that period, after the Union, when Borderers had not settled down to brotherly love, and writers on the Scottish side spoke of England as "the auld enemie" and described the English as "auld subtill doggis." The mutual dislike carried them sometimes far

beyond nicknames, and in one of their outbreaks the miller of Ednam Mill was killed. The name of the unfortunate miller has been lost, and all details of the lawless act. The fact itself comes from a document written on the English side by those responsible for law and order, and if it throws little light on the miller it throws much on themselves, and their justice, and the unsettled state of Borderland. It is in these words:—A Scott's man, mylner of Ednam mylne, was likewise morthered by certain men of Ford Lordship, whom the inquest of England were minded to fyle cupable for the same: it were convenient and resonable (as I think) if the Scots would doe justice in the one that they should likewise have justice in the other. And if they respect or delaye that offence, which they should redresse, then that they should likewise be differred in their demande of justice by recyproque reason." [1]

When the thread of Ednam mill story is picked up again the miller is still a privileged person. The parishioners are thirled to him—"sucken" is the Scots legal word—so that they cannot go past him when they have corn to grind; and he can still claim a man from each farm to clean the dam and mend the cauld and help him home with his new grind-stone. But the last century

[1] Raine's 'N. Durham,' p. XXVII.

has seen him robbed of these privileges. It is still a clause in some Ednam leases that the farmer "shall frequent the mill at Ednam with all his grindable corns" but the careful factor inserts the saving clause that he is free from "service at the mill dam or cauld." The farmers seldom grind their "corns," and if it be in the interest of lawyers to shorten leases they may hereafter omit all reference to the mill.

Last century saw four millers at the Under-Mill. The first of them was Robert Walker who lived through the last of the good old days of country milling. They were evidently bad days for him as he died by his own hand.

James Hook miller at Bamff Mill, Sprouston, succeeded him and was tenant for a brief and troubled eighteen months. In his time—1833-1834—the mill near the village was transformed into a meal mill and, naturally, he complained to the factor. Selby of Minto, who was factor at the time, comforted him with the assurance that if he could get another fall on the Eden he would put a mill below him as he had now put one above him. To the factor's surprise, Hook gave him a fall, as at the end of eighteen months he fled the country, leaving an old horse and a superannuated cow to meet the factor and pay the rent.

In 1835 John Aitken succeeded the runaway and

restored the reputation of the line. He was shrewd, of a dry humour, and evidently a politician, as, in a local rhyme, "Tory Aitken o' the mill is made to jingle with Cannie Broad o' Cliftonhill." After seventeen years he went to the farm of Bellville, near Leitholm, and there lived out his days.

After him came Andrew Rutherford who, as man and master, lived at the mill for more than fifty years. He was miller's man under John Aitken, and in 1852 became the tenant. To borrow, and alter slightly, the "Grand Old Man" phrase, he was the Grand old Miller who

> Had misfortunes great and sma'
> But aye a heart aboon them a.

Andrew Rutherford was followed by his son Peter who, in 1902, became farmer at Cliftonhill.

In 1765, during the lairdship of James Dickson, a new industry appeared further up the Eden. It was what meal millers, with a fine contempt, call "a creeshy mill." Laird Dickson had learned the value of enterprise and money, and during his brief residence in the neighbourhood his brain overflowed with all sorts of projects, commercial and social. Amongst them was the scheme of making Ednam and Kelso seaports, like Manchester in the present day, by a great canal

which would connect them with the sea at Berwick.

With the mind's eye he saw ships sailing to and from Ednam; yet, as a practical man, he saw that fleets would not come hitherward till Ednam had been made a great centre of industry. He began, therefore, by building a mill at the upper end of the village; and those who wonder if he really believed in his dreams have only to look at its solid masonry. It was built and fitted up with machinery of the most approved type, and manned with workmen from the Yorkshire factories. When he saw the wheels in motion, he called a meeting of the local magnates to consider the question of a canal to Berwick. Much interest was shown, but as only £200 was subscribed—far too little for a canal!—the scheme was allowed to rest.

The mill was best known for its English blankets, although it also produced the cloth known as "Tweeds." In connection with the weaving mill Laird Dickson also built a waulk-mill, and the land lying between Sydenham House and the main road he formed into a bleach-field. The only trace of the old bleach-field is in the name of the field by the road-side at this point, which is known as Washing-House Field.

When the weavers deserted the mill it was at

once transformed into a meal mill, with the disastrous results further down the river which have already been mentioned. William Broomfield, grocer and pork-curer in Kelso, was the first of the rival line of millers. He was a busy man becoming, afterwards, the farmer of Pylestead. He made his brother, George, the miller. Like the miller of Dee, George lived and died a bachelor "he caring for nobody and nobody caring for he." He was followed by a younger brother, Thomas, who had long wrought on William's farm at Pylestead. Thomas was succeeded by his son Robert who was both miller and tenant. Robert Broomfield was kindness itself to children who trespassed on his haugh in their play, and to any one who asked a favour; yet he was a man who received no confidences and gave none. He had a distant pre-occupied manner, always giving the impression that he was busy on thoughts of his own. He loved a picture, too, but although the quietest and most inoffensive of men, he adorned the walls of his mill with innumerable pictures out of the "Police News" or other "Weekly Dreadful." He was familiarly known as "Robbie," and although it is certain he never told any one he was rich, it was frequently said by the neighbours "Robbie's as good as a bank."

Broomfield left Ednam in 1890 for Roxburgh

mill, which had more land, and his place was taken by George Cessford. By the change the parish lost the pictures but not the kindliness. Cessford had spent his best years among the Lammermuirs as miller's man at the Dod Mill, sometimes as an unrivalled dry-stone dyker, and always as a handy man. In coming to Ednam he came home, for here he lived and "ran aboot the braes" all his schooldays.

The Cessfords rented the Under Mill in 1906, thus becoming tenants of both mills. Then the sound of the grinding became low in the Upper Mill; and in 1910 it ceased altogether, as it was found that all the work could easily be done at the Under Mill.

Of all the industries the most popular was the brewing of beer. With its red tiles and rambling walls, set round with lawns, and half-hidden with trees, the Brewery had a great attraction for artists, who have sketched it from all points of the compass. The passing angler was often to be seen in its quaint quadrangle, resting for an hour in the heat of the day, and enjoying the refreshments of the place. There were Kelso worthies, too, who loved its cool cellars. In exploring its vaults and crooked passages they thought they were gratifying an antiquarian taste as, according to them, the Brewery was the brew-

house of the Kelso monks, and the vaults second in age only to Kelso Abbey.

Ednam Brewery was built not by the monks but by Peter Robertson, brewer in Kelso. His brewery in Kelso stood where the Bank of Scotland now stands; and the reason that led him to exchange town for country was to protect himself against the taxes imposed on him by the local authority of the time. In those days the town's affairs were managed not by a town-council but by a body known as the stent-masters, who fixed the amount of tax to be paid by each trade and tradesman within the town. The principle of the stent masters seemed to be to tax most heavily those best able to pay; and as the brewer gave all outward signs of prosperity he was invited to pay more than his fair proportion of the town's debts. At least, he thought so; and making his moan to his friend Laird Dickson, the suggestion was made that he should at once transfer himself and his business to the banks of the Eden. A site was chosen close to the great wych elm, one of the famous trees of the county, and in 1771 the brewery was built and Peter Robertson settled as the first brewer. He was less the business man than the man of genial ways; much less the brewer than the country gentleman; and if he did not build up a fortune for his children he left them a greatly honoured name.

Peter Robertson died and his son Samuel reigned in his stead. Samuel Robertson had been his father's helper in the business and lived in the cottage, across the way, which his father had built and given him as a marriage gift. The cottage is now known as Ednam West Mains farm house. At his father's death Samuel "flitted" into the Brewery House and found a tenant for the Cottage in Captain Lyte, who had been an officer in the Honorable East India Company's Service. He was only a bird of passage; but it is fame for the parish that during his brief stay a son was born to him who lived to write some of the great hymns of last century.

But this Cottage had a luck in tenants. After the Lytes came the Gillans, whose son Robert became a bright and shining light in the Church of Scotland, as minister of St. John's Glasgow, and afterwards as Moderator of the General Assembly. After the Gillans came the Rev. Peter Buchanan, minister in Stichill, whose brother "Logic Bob" was known over Scotland as Professor of Logic in Glasgow University. Even as a farm house there was a succession of notable tenants, chief of them being John Burn, who, had he but lived in Sir Walter's time, would have had a place in the pages of Waverley and found a niche by Dandie Dinmont's side in the Scott Monument.

Samuel Robertson was a man of energy and ability and quickly increased his brewing business. The roads were rougher in those days and the story was told that on one occasion a cart loaded with barrels of beer was upset on the Kelso road, close to the village. The barrels rolled into the Eden which was in high flood, and one of them was believed, like the snowflake, to be gone forever. It was found twenty years later at the bottom of Carham Wheel, a deep pool in Tweed, and strangely enough the beer was still in it and drank well!

The Robertsons were an old Quaker family. Samuel was less enthusiastic in the tenets of Quakerism than his father and was known as "a wet Quaker." He died in March 1807 and was succeeded by his son Peter.

The reign of Peter the second was signalized by a great fire in the Brewery, which occurred on the 25th February 1808. The villagers came to the rescue with their pails, and fortunately it was brought to terms in a short time. Peter Robertson continued to brew good ale until 1818, when, through some trouble with the factor, he gave up a business he had never liked, and took to farming, first at Harpertoun, and afterwards at Newtonlees. He broke with the Kelso Quakers, was baptised at the age of 21, and for many a long year was a loyal elder of the kirk in Ednam.

After this secession the Brewery had to wait fifteen years for its next tenant. During these years, however, the Brewery House was occupied by a man named Guthrie, who was not a brewer but a friend to brewers. The great pear tree which spread itself over half the front wall of the house was great even in his time; and one evening, when the jargonelles were ripe, he clambered up the branches in his night shirt to feast himself on the gracious fruit! Although he was not industrious, nor a cause of industry in others, yet the villagers were greatly interested in him and regarded him as one of the chief "diversions" of the place.

In 1833, Peter Nichol rented the disused brewery and entered into residence as the brewer. He was a son of Andrew Nichol, a Kelso grocer, and was a man who never seems to have been successful in the things of this world. He brewed at first under the name of "Nichol & Roberton"; afterwards "Peter Nichol & Co." The Roberton was Nigel, son of Capt. Roberton of Pringle Bank, who left Ednam for a London Brewery; while the "Co." after his name represented the various loans he had received from his rich relations. Of these the richest was his brother-in-law Sir John Pirie, Lord Mayor of London in 1842, who had begun his business

career under Andrew Nichol, and after marrying his master's daughter, had gone to London and prospered amazingly. Sir John was a good friend to all young Borderers in London, some of whom had a standing invitation to dinner on Sundays, provided they could say they had been to church in the forenoon and could remember the text. Peter could make himself much at home in his brother-in-law's house and enjoyed a London banquet. He had a lisp which was much in evidence, on his return, as he descanted on "the thoop and the fith." But as a brewer he was not a success; and in 1848, after yielding up all his possessions to his creditors, he left his native land, reluctantly, to fill an appointment in India which had been secured for him by his friends.

One of the creditors—John Smith a grocer in Kelso—took up the business, receiving Nichol's good-will as part payment of his account. Not caring to leave Kelso he sent his son James to live in the village and brew the beer. This is the James Smith who for many years was Chief Magistrate and in 1891 first Provost of Kelso.

John Stenhouse succeeded the Smiths, who gave up the business in the spring of 1853. He took kindly to the place and gloried in everything that was Ednam or of Ednam; and if he never said that his was the most beautiful home on earth

he thought it. He was a man of considerable individuality, and when, at the Friday market, he met some customer whose account was long overdue, he would give a playful tap on the place where his pocket-book was kept and remark, "I'm poor to-day." Such was the public regard for him that the hint was usually sufficient, and the poverty instantly relieved! In failing health he left the Brewery in 1877, betaking himself to the farming of Roxburgh Newtown. A few months saw him back again to lie in "the kirkyaird."

The next to brew were the brothers John and William Murray who brought young energies and ideas into the business. John Murray had been trained in all the science of brewing while William had learned all the modern methods of pushing a trade. Under their driving the business expanded and it seemed at last as if Ednam was to show the way. But it was not to be. Within the year John Murray died. The business went on under William Murray until a night in the August of 1885. The villagers were finishing their beauty sleep when there came a loud rapping on village doors and the cry "The Brewery's on fire!" Men and women, pail in hand, were quickly on the scene and wrought as if for the saving of their own. But the daring and the labour of that night were all in vain. The fire had its way and

thus the quaint old Brewery and its story ended; as it is certain that it will never be re-built.

The Brewery passed away in smoke, and even the droning of the meal-mill is only for a time. The growing of good corn, and the rearing of beeves and muttons, which are of the best, was the first and soon will be the last and only industry in the parish. But, stay! There is another industry which ought not to go unmentioned. Ednam is a place of flowers and gardens, and all the summer through is radiant with lilies and violets and roses. After the toil of the day, the people are all to be found in their gardens among their flowers, "toiling, rejoicing" through the hours of the summer night, on till the darkening. They are busy with rake and hoe and spade, devoted to their work as if it were a creed with them:—

> A kiss of the sun for pardon
> The song of a bird for mirth;
> We are nearer God's heart in a garden
> Than anywhere else on earth.

Of those who farmed the land, and those who guided the labour on the fields, it is too long a story. Of the farmers of West Mains, it is possible only to name the Starks who passed on to Mellendean, and John Burn, Andrew Rutherford, and Tom and George Shiell from Bowmont Water.

At Newtonlees there was Peter Robertson, followed by James Ross and his son Richard, keenest of curlers, and now Alexander Carlaw from the Bathgate country; while in Kaimflat, long leased with Newtonlees, is Robert Graham. Harpertoun had George Roberton, followed by John Roberton his nephew, and has now William Hardy whose eye, at ninety years, is not dimmed neither is his natural force abated, and his son Alexander who, after experience as a tea-planter in India, has now settled in the homeland. Edenmouth, too, had its Robertons followed by Mordaunt Rannie and the Stevensons and Hunter and now the Tudhopes. At Highridgehall lived Thomas Thompson for many a long year, and died there, leaving behind him the memory of the just. After him came George Rutherford and Arch. Turnbull of Wark and other places, and now Gavin Hamilton. At Cliftonhill there was William Broad, followed by his son Anthony, and then by his son James, and now by Peter Rutherford, from the Mill. At Hendersyde there have been the Turnbulls, father and son, for forty years; and at Sydenham William Rutherford, and James Common from the Manderston fields. At Springhall there was Kerss followed by the Blairs, father and sons. Houndridge had the Whiteheads, father and son, and has now Mrs

Tully and her son. Tully, with his son James, as "helper and successor," began to farm Ferneyhill in 1849. James Tully retired in 1904, and has been followed by James Clark, and now by Walter Dodds.

There are the blacksmiths, too, who have sharpened their weapons and have armoured them, man and beast, for the battle. For more than two centuries—a great record—there has been a Fairbairn in "the smiddy"; an Edward handing on the task to a William and a William to an Edward.

These are the captains of industry, the latest of the line who have transformed "Ednaham, a waste" into "a garden of Eden." As for the farmers of the olden time, forgotten now, they must be a great company—so swiftly does a lease run out! It is sad, and yet it is better so; for "if God did not make time to proceed with rapidness who would ever do his best?"

APPENDIX.

NOTE I. on page 21.—"Ednem in the shire of Roxburgh near Kelso. The hospital at this place was dedicated to St. Laurence and seems to have been founded by the Edmondstons of Ednem who were patrons of this place. Johannes de Edmondston, tutor dativus Jacobi de Edmondston, filu heredis quondam David de Edmondston de Ednem, presents Mr Robert Heriot to the Chaplainry of this place which was vacant by the death of Mr Alexander Crichton, this is confirmed by King James I. at Edinburgh 27th September 1426."

Hope's "Minor Practicks."
Appendix Page 531.

NOTE II. on page 62.—In reference to what is now known as the Bogey Plantin' the Rev. David Dixon has the following note in "The Statistical Account of Scotland": "There is a small rising ground W. from the village called the Picts Knowe! out of which some years ago, were dug two stone coffins, with an urn in one of them."

NOTE III. on page 121.—In Mr Somervell's time there were more than 300 communicants in the Parish, which means that there would be a population of about 500; in 1788 there were 387; in 1793 about 600; in 1838 there were 589; in 1878 there were 613; and in 1911 there was a population of 495.

END

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